

Leading

COMICS

SCREEN

YOU CAN'T STOP *ME*!
I'LL DRIVE WHERE
I PLEASE!

DANGER
ROAD ENDS HERE!
DETOUR

featuring
**PETER
PORKCHOPS**

BULLY

says:

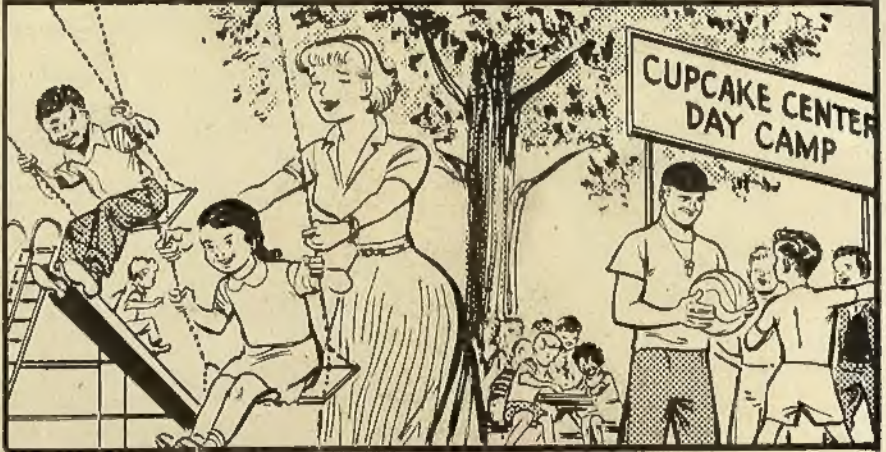
"WORK CAN BE FUN!"

I HEAR BUZZY AND SUSIE ARE DOING SOME PART-TIME WORK THESE DAYS--AND FOR NOTHING, TOO, THE SAPS!

BUT THEY'RE SURE HAVING FUN... I WENT OVER TO SEE THEM THE OTHER DAY...



"FIRST THING I SAW WAS SUSIE PLAYING WITH THE LITTLE KIDS AT THE SWINGS... AND HAVING A GOOD TIME DOING IT..."



"THEN I WATCHED BUZZY TEACHING KIDS TO SWIM. WHILE I WAS THERE, ONE LITTLE KID SWAM HIS FIRST FEW STROKES ALONE. BOY, WAS BUZZY PROUD!"



THAT'S IT, FELLA. YOU'RE GETTING IT!

"AFTER A WHILE, SUSIE STARTED HER CLASS IN TENNIS. SHE SAYS MOST OF THE KIDS THAT COME TO THE DAY CAMP LOVE TO LEARN NEW SPORTS AND GAMES."



"LATER ON, A CLUB OF BOYS GOT TOGETHER FOR A MEETING. BUZZY'S THEIR 'ADVISER'. YOU COULD SEE THEY FELT HE WAS ALMOST LIKE A BIG BROTHER."



BUT WHAT'S IN IT FOR THEM? THEY WORK FOR NOTHING!

I SEE WHAT'S IN IT FOR THEM. THEY HAVE A SWELL TIME AND LEARN THINGS THAT MIGHT COME IN HANDY LATER WHEN THEY START LOOKING FOR JOBS. I THINK I'LL LOOK FOR SOME VOLUNTEER WORK MYSELF!



NO FOOLING, IT'S FUN TO SPEND PART OF YOUR TIME IN SUMMER DOING VOLUNTEER WORK, UNDER ADULT SUPERVISION. YOU GIVE A LOT AND GET A LOT, WHETHER IT'S IN A DAY CAMP, OR IN A HOSPITAL, OR THE DOZENS OF OTHER PLACES IN YOUR HOME-TOWN THAT NEED VOLUNTEERS.

BUZZY'S RIGHT. YOU'LL FIND IT ONE OF THE BEST EXPERIENCES OF YOUR LIFE!



PETER PORKCHOPS

in "NO SMOKING ALLOWED!"

ARMY
SURPLUS STORE

SMOKE GRENADES!

GOSH-- I CAN HAVE
SOME REAL LAUGHS
WITH ONE OF THOSE
THINGS, IN A *NASTY*
SORT OF WAY!

USED PUP TENTS \$4.98

COMPASSES \$1.00

SMOKE
GRENADES 50¢



133

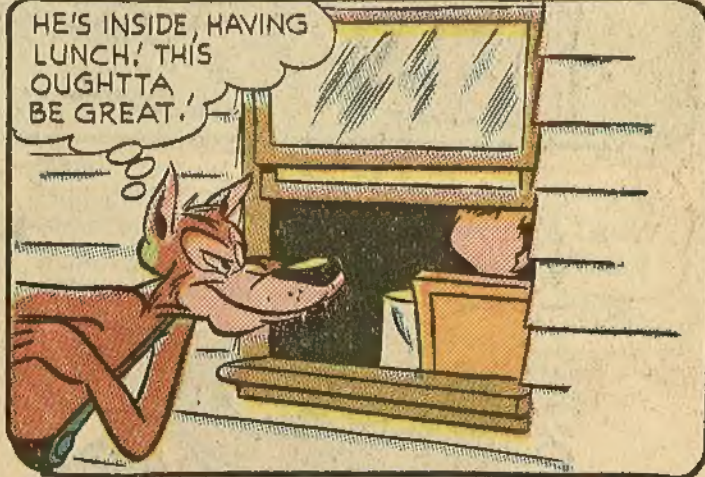
BESIDES, I HAVEN'T PLAYED A MEAN TRICK
ON PETER PORKCHOPS ALL WEEK!

ES \$1.00

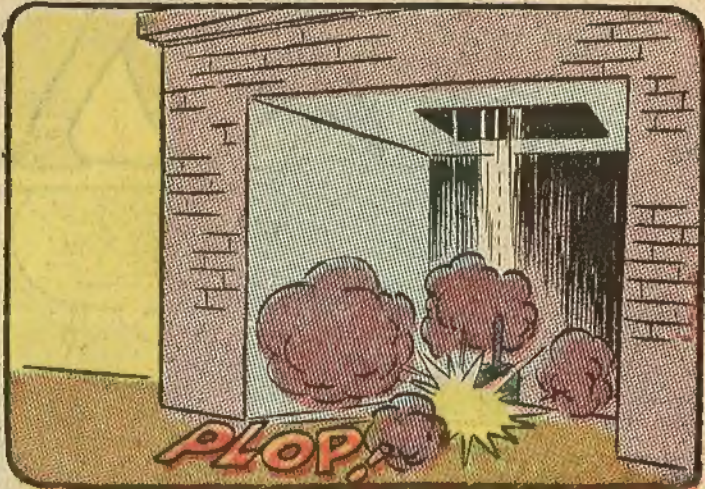
SMOKE
GRENADES 50¢



HE'S INSIDE, HAVING
LUNCH! THIS
OUGHTTA
BE GREAT!



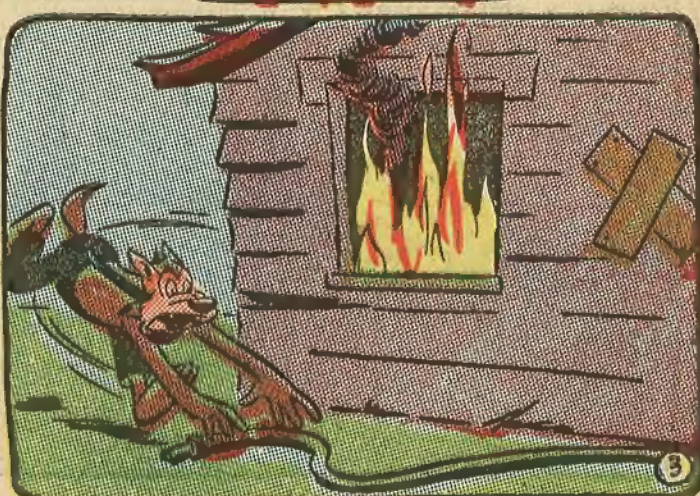
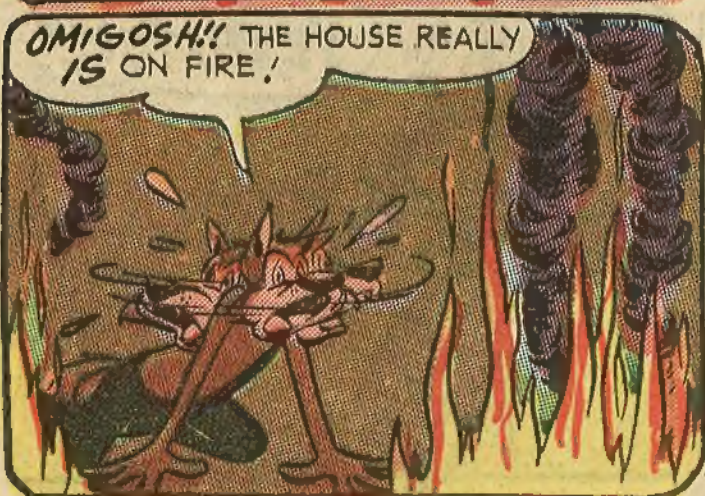
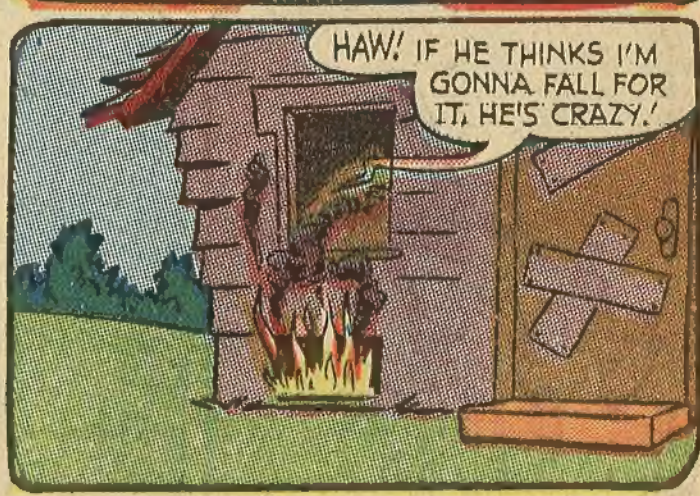
BOMBS AWAY!

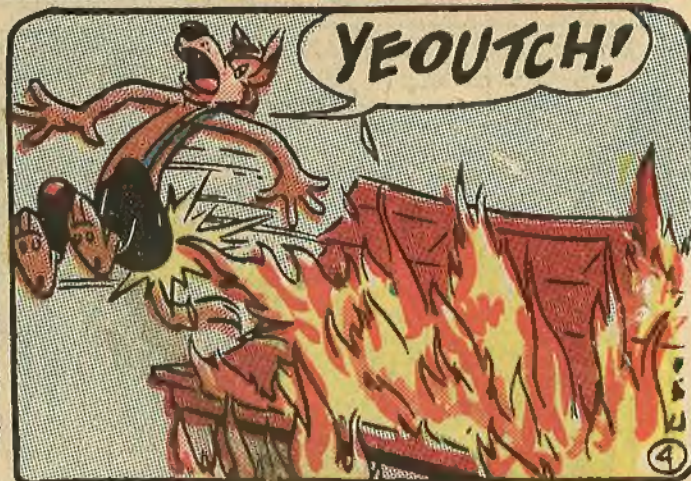
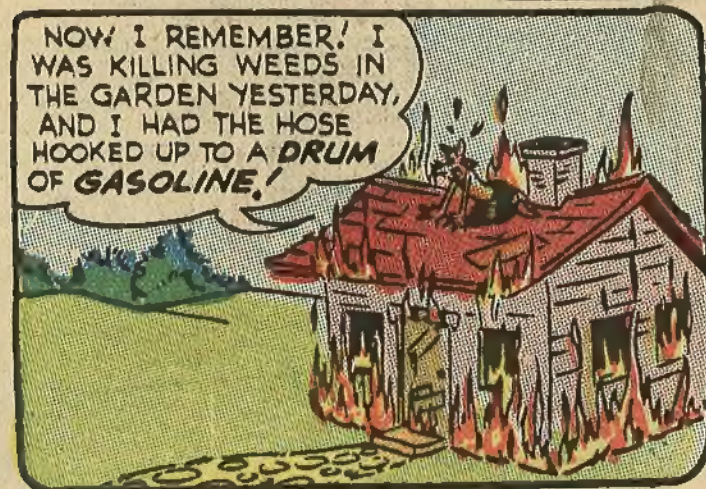
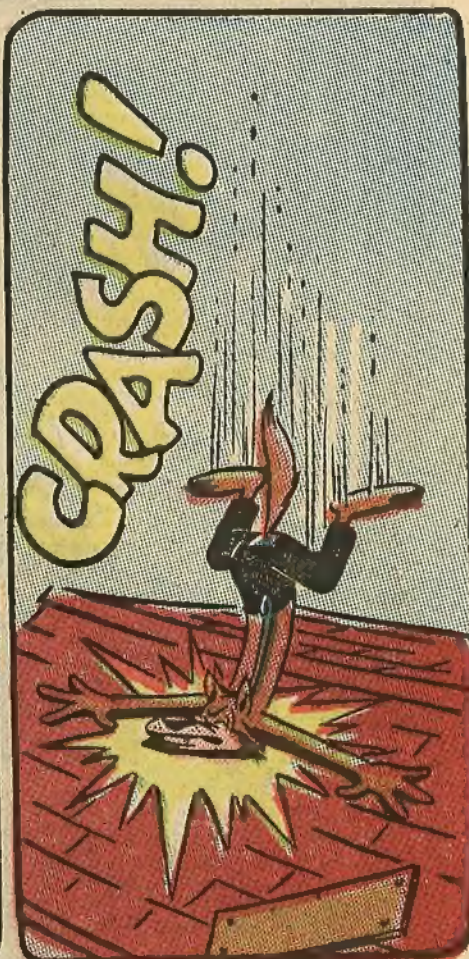
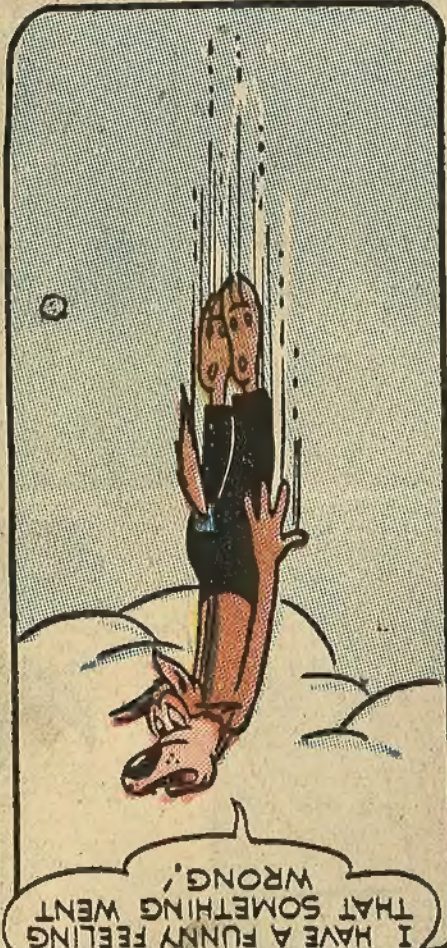
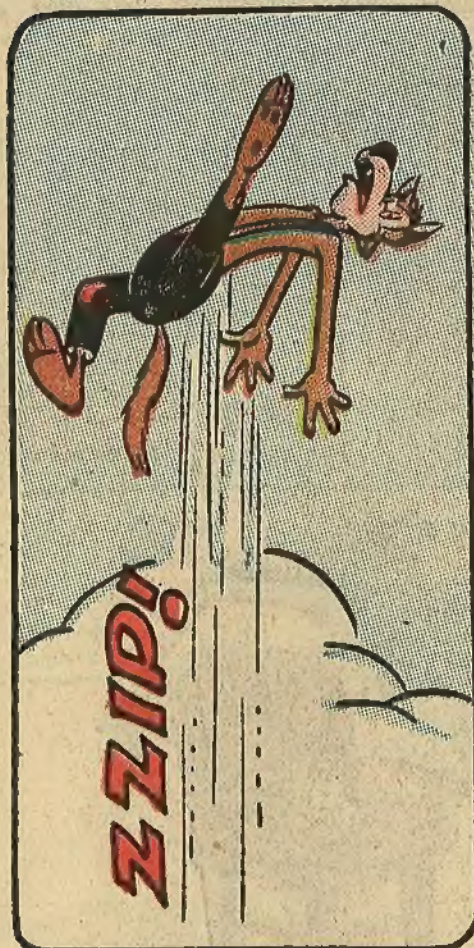


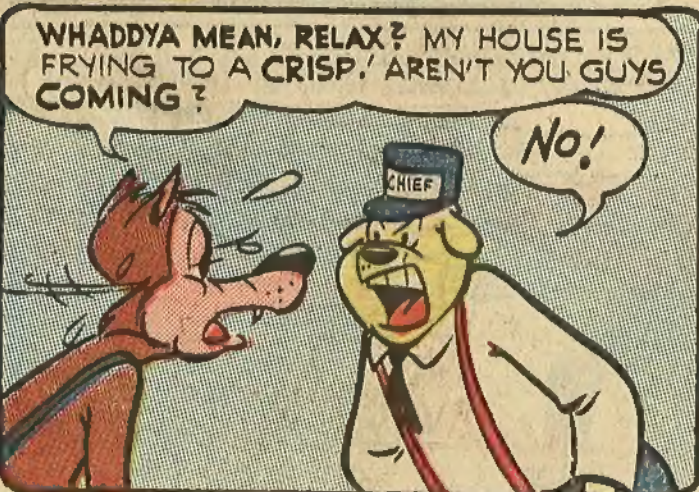
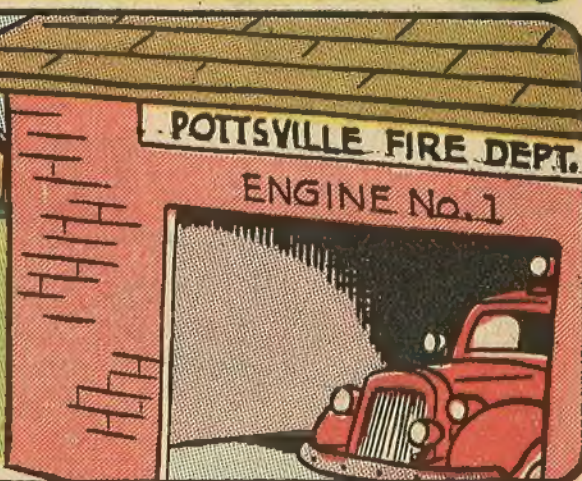
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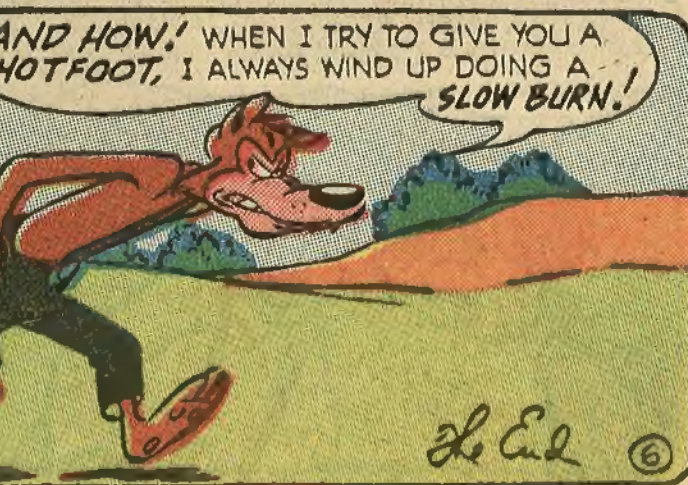
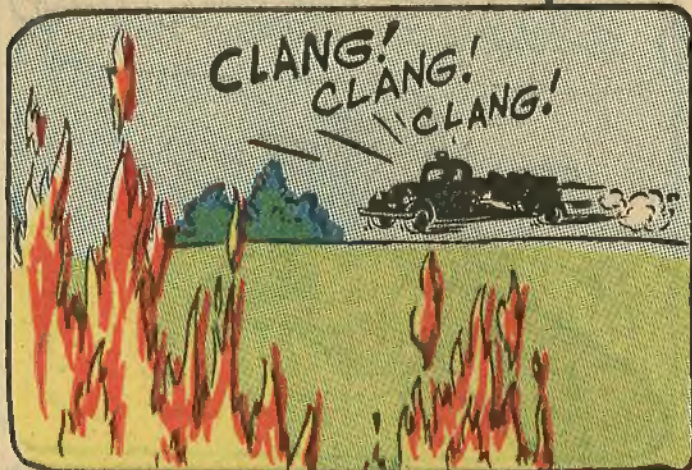
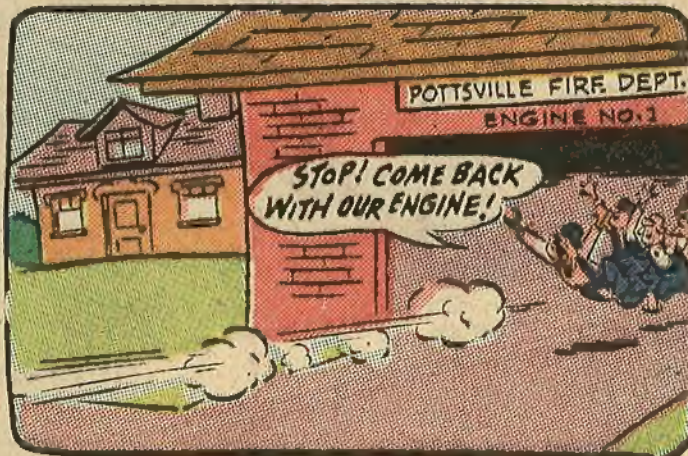
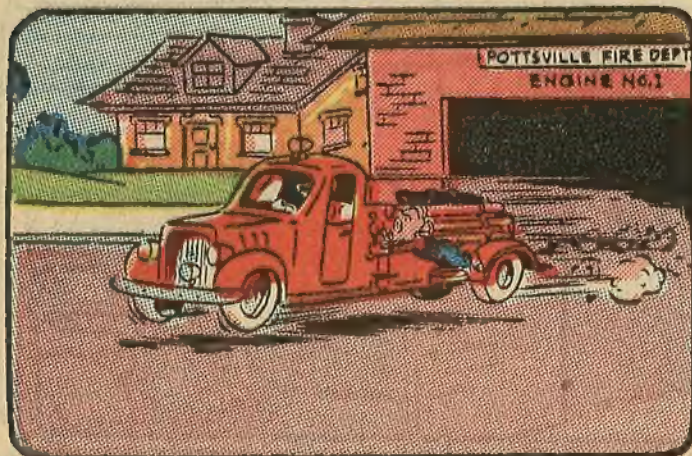
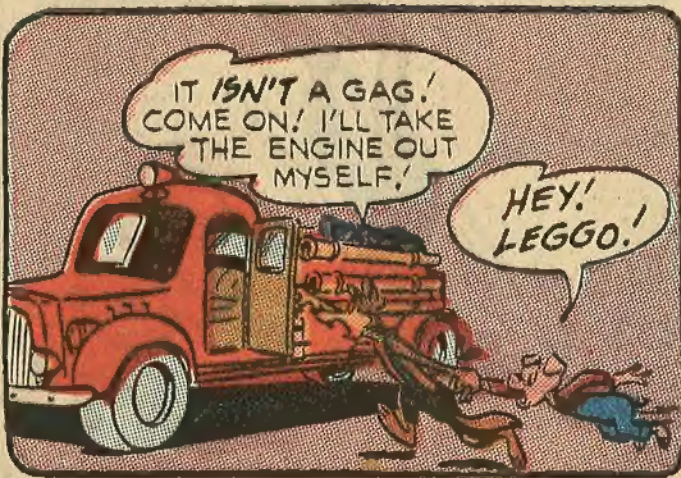
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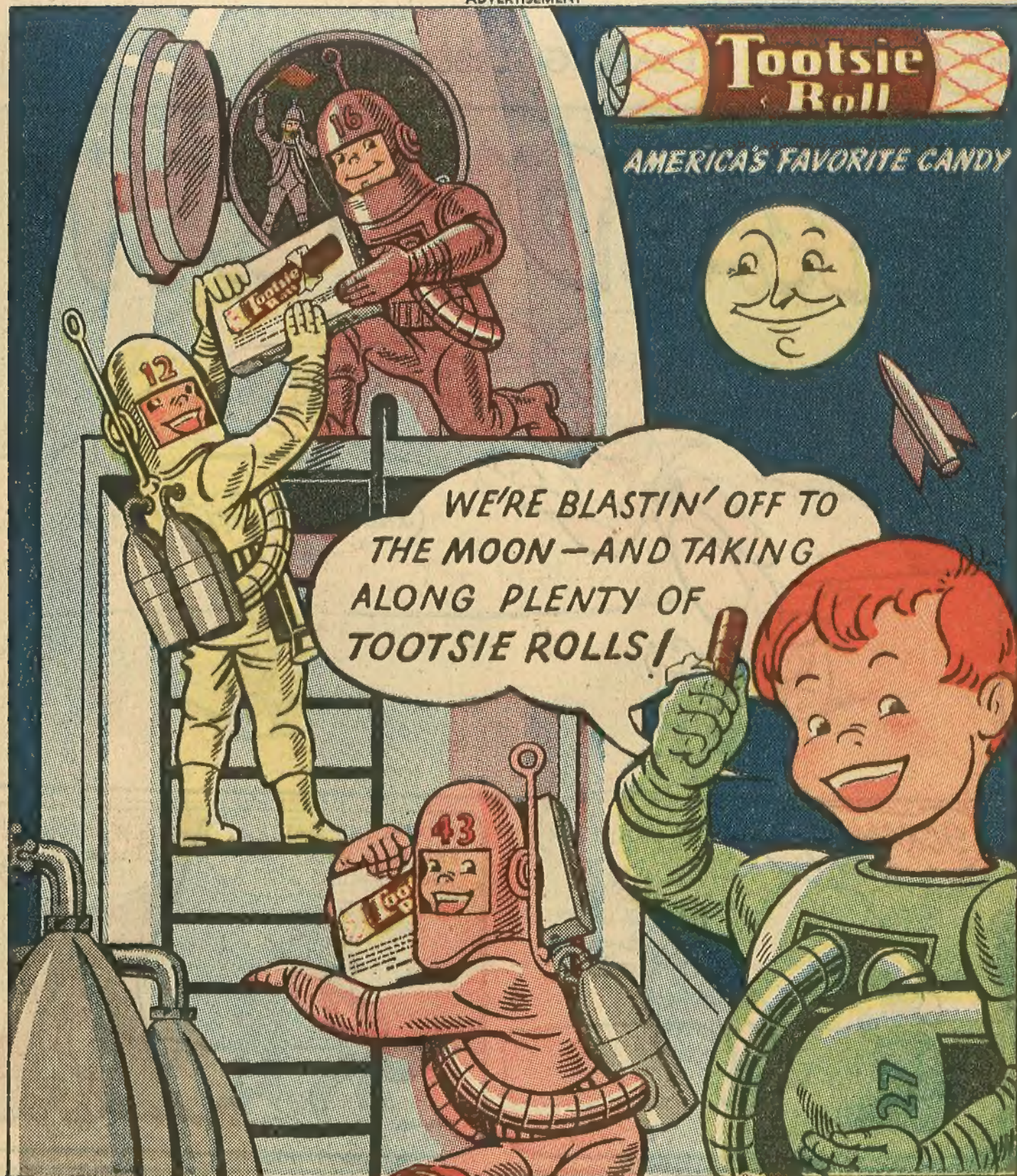










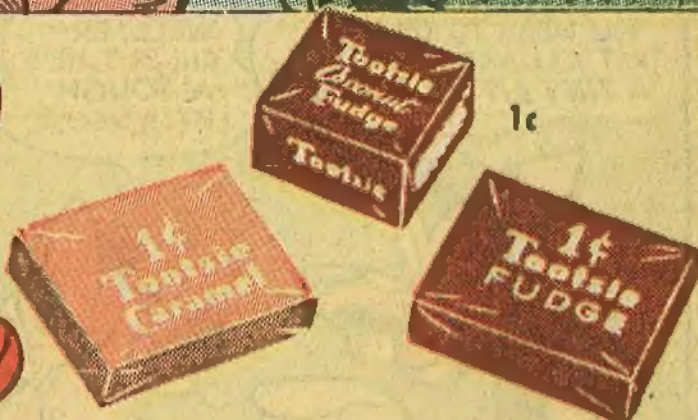


Out of this world in taste!
 Delicious • Chocolatey
 Long Lasting
TOOTSIE ROLL
 And still only 5¢

TOOTSIE POPS — Fruit
 candy on the outside,
TOOTSIE ROLL inside.
 Two treats for the price
 of one—only 2¢.

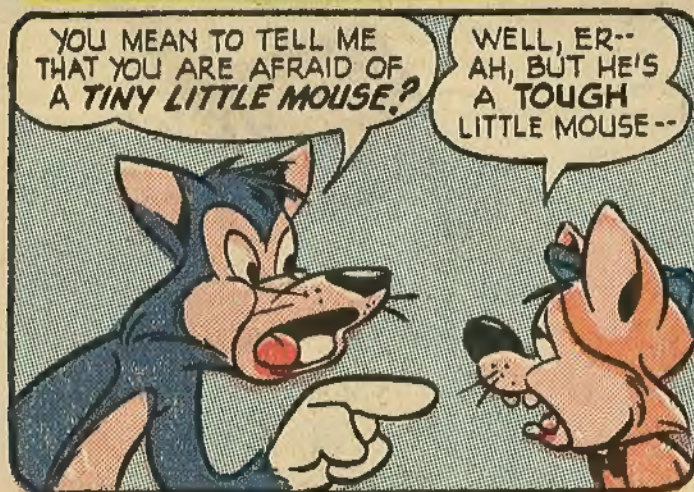
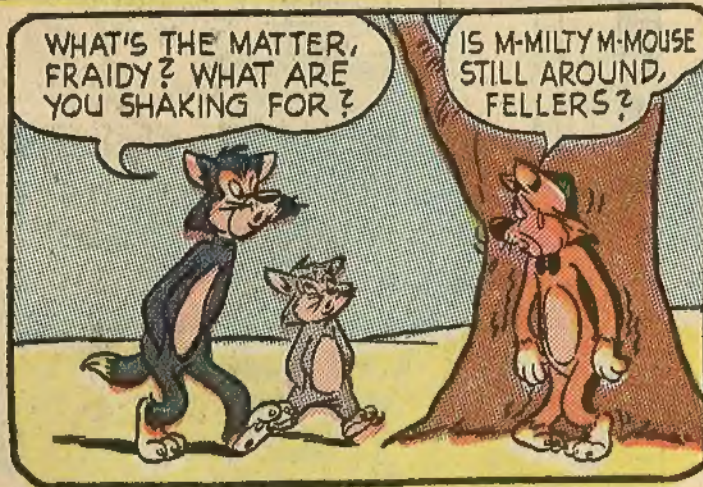
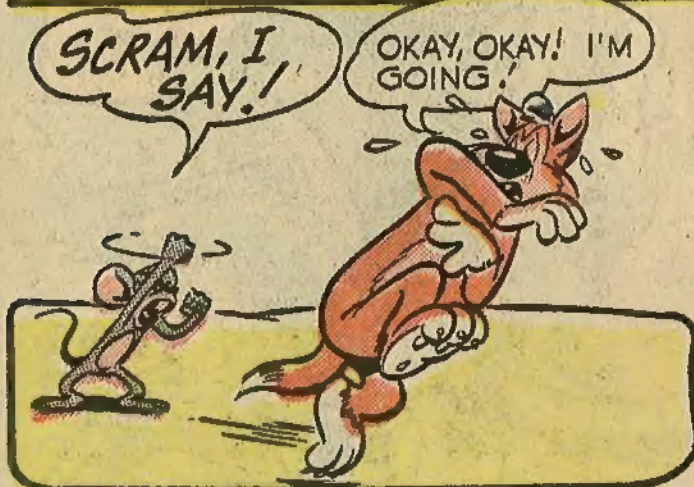
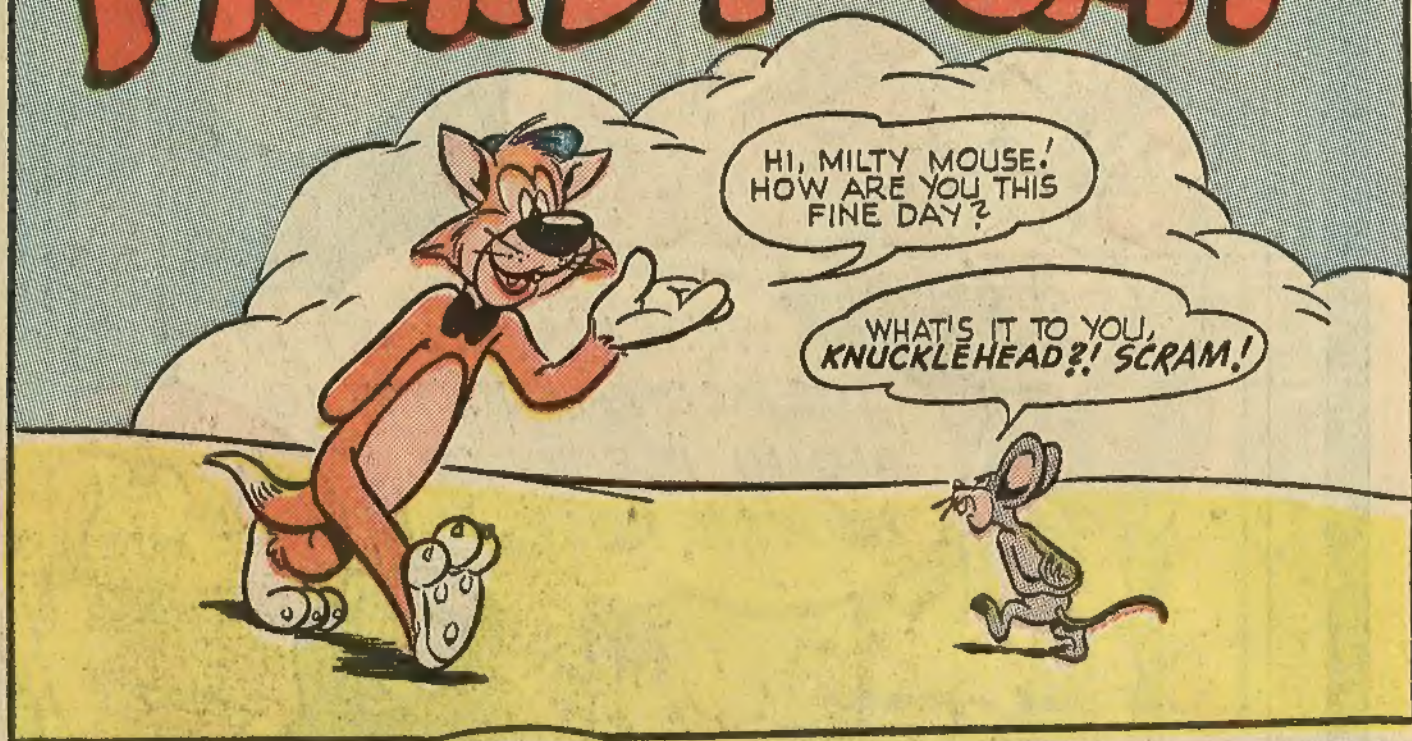


Chocolatey
TOOTSIE ROLL
 center

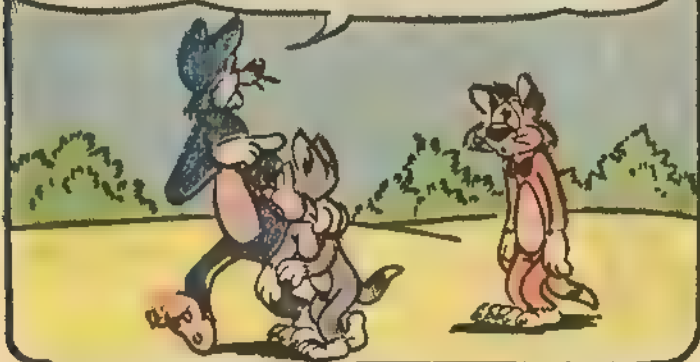


These delicious **TOOTSIE CANDIES**
 are only 1¢ each.

FRAIDY CAT



WE'LL HAVE TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS! EXCUSE US A MINUTE, FRAIDY, WHILE OSCAR AND I HAVE A LITTLE CONFERENCE!



NOW LISTEN, OSCAR! WE BZZZ--BZZZ... BZZZ... BZZZ...



OKAY, PETE! THAT SOUNDS GOOD!

FRAIDY! WE'VE DECIDED TO MAKE YOU THE BRAVEST CAT AROUND HERE, AND THE COURSE WILL COST YOU **ONLY \$50.00!**

AND WE'RE LOSING MONEY ON THE DEAL!

OH, GOODY! THAT WILL BE WONDERFUL!



HERE'S YOUR MONEY, BOYS! WHEN DO I START?

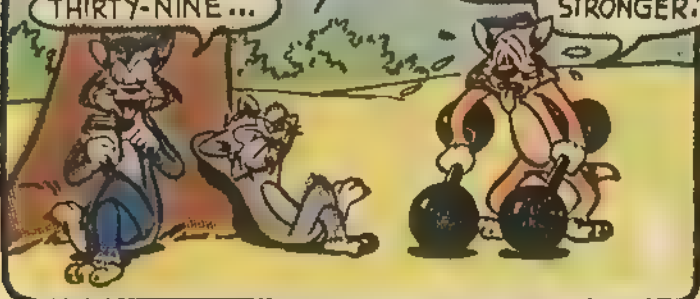
RIGHT NOW! GET READY FOR YOUR SETTING-UP EXERCISES!



ONE--TWO--THREE--FOUR--

UGH--I FEEL LIKE I'M GETTING WEAKER, INSTEAD OF STRONGER!

THIRTY-SEVEN--THIRTY-EIGHT--THIRTY-NINE...



TWO HOURS LATER...

KEEP GOING, BOY! 100,001--100,002...

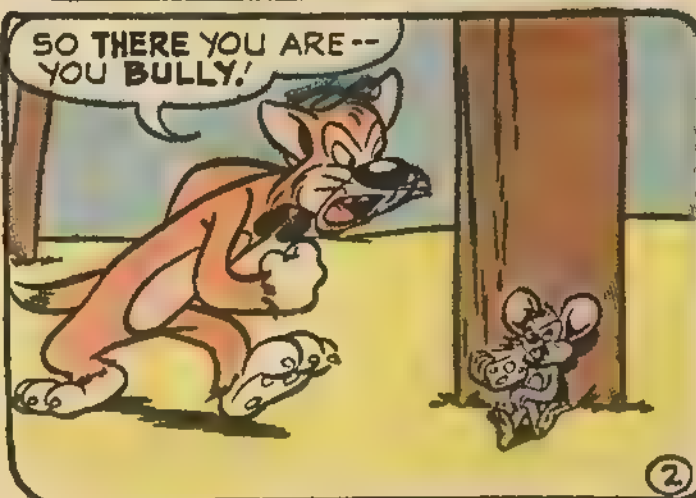
WHY--YOU LOOK HEALTHIER ALREADY! LOOK AT HOW RELAXED YOU LOOK!



YOU ARE READY NOW, M'BOY! GO FORTH AND COMMIT GREAT FEATS OF BRAVERY!



SO THERE YOU ARE--YOU BULLY!

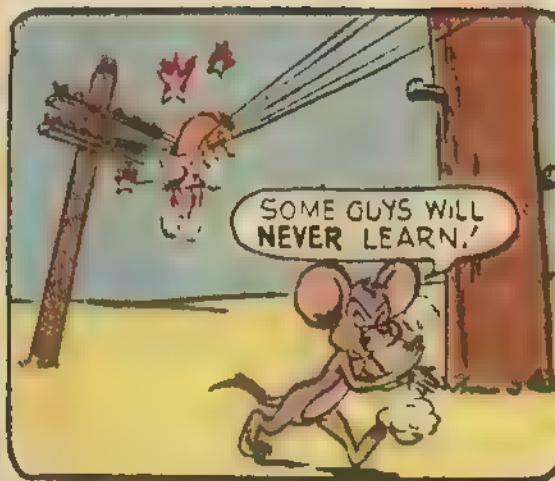




LEADING SCREEN COMICS

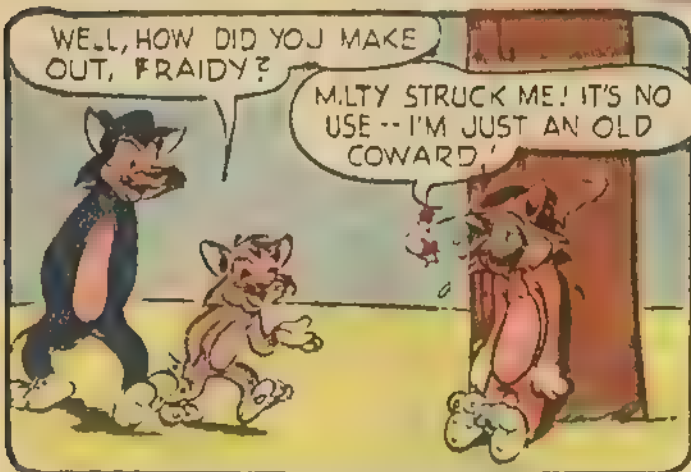


PUT UP YOUR MITTS, BOY. I'M PREPARED TO GIVE YOU THE LICKING OF YOUR LIFE!



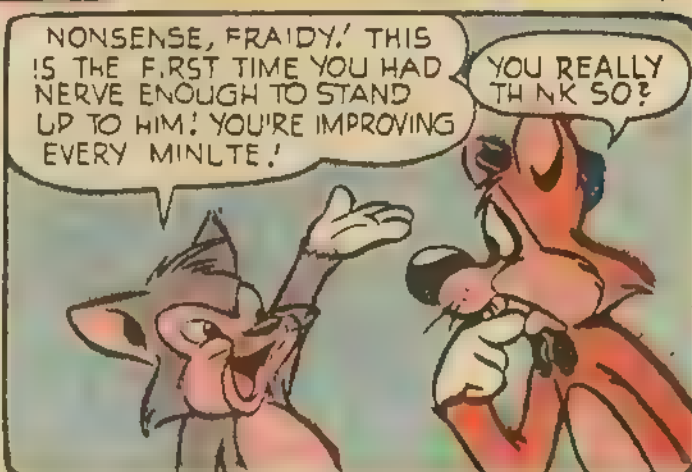
WELL, HOW DID YOU MAKE OUT, FRAIDY?

MILTY STRUCK ME! IT'S NO USE -- I'M JUST AN OLD COWARD!



NONSENSE, FRAIDY! THIS IS THE FIRST TIME YOU HAD NERVE ENOUGH TO STAND UP TO HIM! YOU'RE IMPROVING EVERY MINUTE!

YOU REALLY THINK SO?



WHAT YOU NEED IS *ONE MORE* LESSON, AND WE'LL GIVE YOU A SPECIAL BARGAIN ON IT-- JUST \$49.99! HOW'S THAT?

YOU'RE REAL PALS, FELLERS!



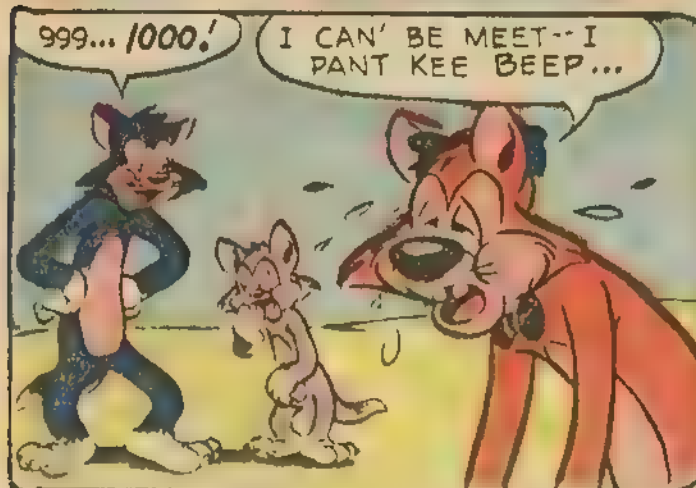
FINE! NOW LET'S BEGIN THE LESSON! KEEP REPEATING "I CAN'T BE BEAT!" ONE THOUSAND TIMES!

-- I CAN'T BE BEAT... I CAN'T BE BEAT... I CAN'T BE BEAT...



999... 1000!

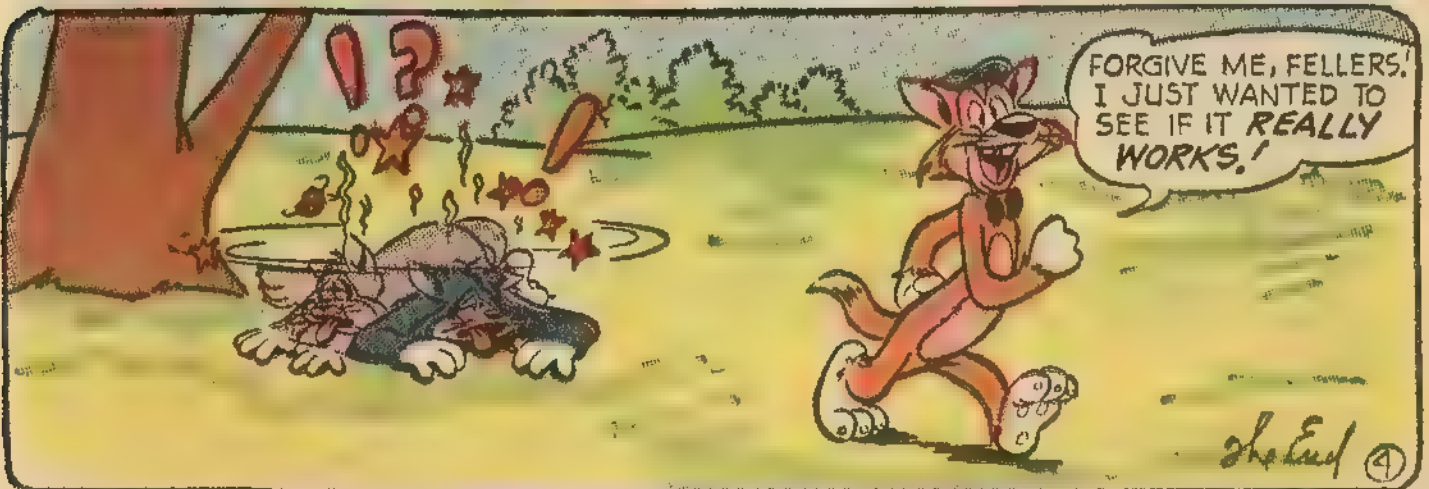
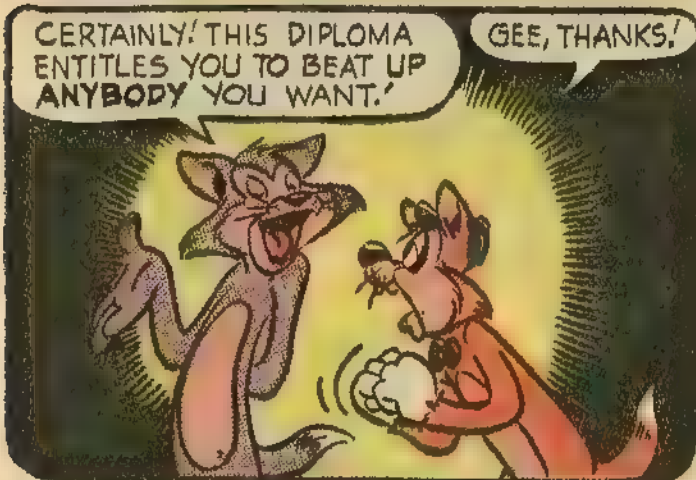
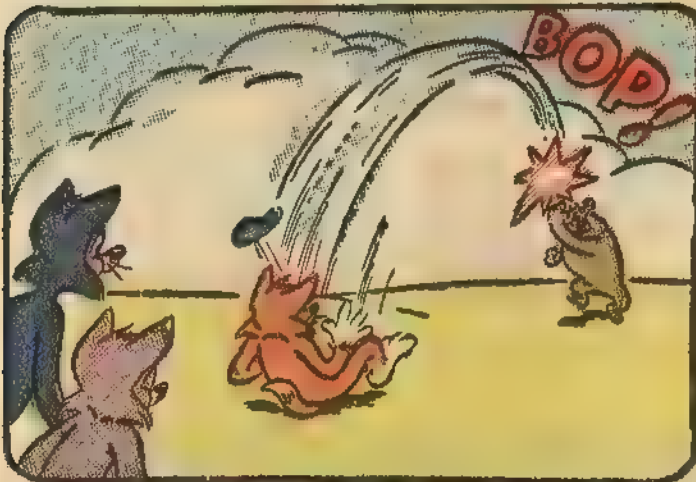
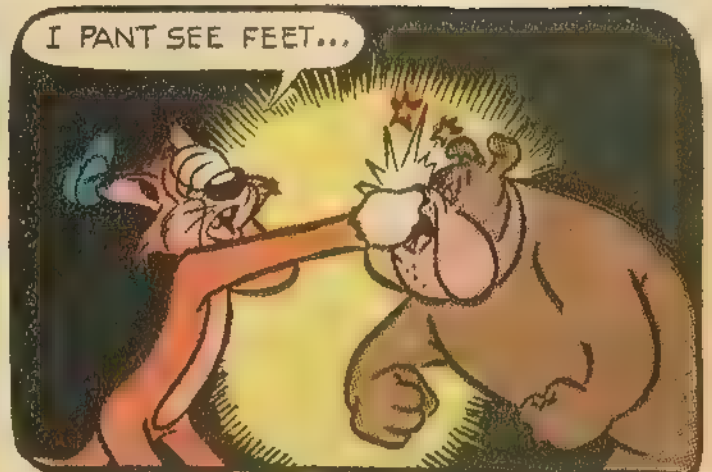
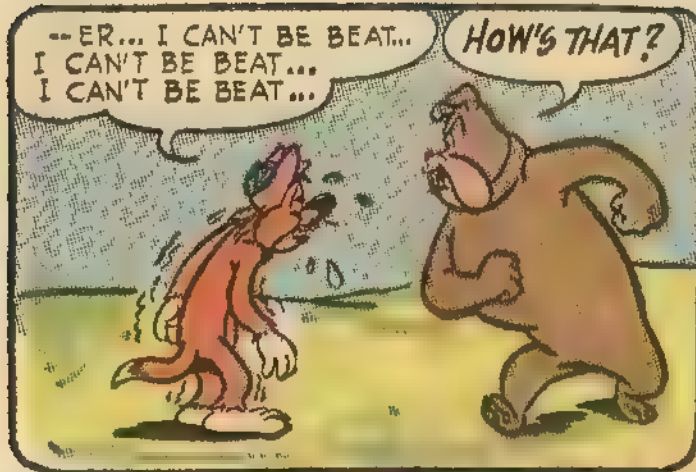
I CAN'T BE MEET-- I WANT KEE BEEP...



OKAY, CHAMP! THERE'S BULLY BULLDOG! GIVE HIM THE OLD ONE-TWO! -- REMEMBER YOUR MOTTO!

...ER... MAYBE I OUGHT TO PRACTICE IT A LITTLE LONGER?!







fun Shop

RIDDLE

WHAT FLOWERS DO PEOPLE
CARRY AROUND ALL YEAR?



Tulips!

CAN YOU SPELL FOUR FIVE-LETTER WORDS, USING ALL
FIVE LETTERS IN EACH WORD?

A word search puzzle grid with the letters R, A, D, E, B arranged in a cross shape. Below the grid are two sets of five empty boxes for writing answers.

The Answer → *BREAD-BEARD-DEBAR-BARED*

a JUDY JUPITER

*Space
Stickler*



Solution

CAN YOU DRAW THIS DESIGN IN ONE CONTINUOUS
PATH WITHOUT CROSSING A LINE OR LIFTING YOUR
PENCIL FROM THE PAPER?





C I R C L E S

THIS IS SOMETHING
THAT'S NEVER RIGHT!



Scrambled Words

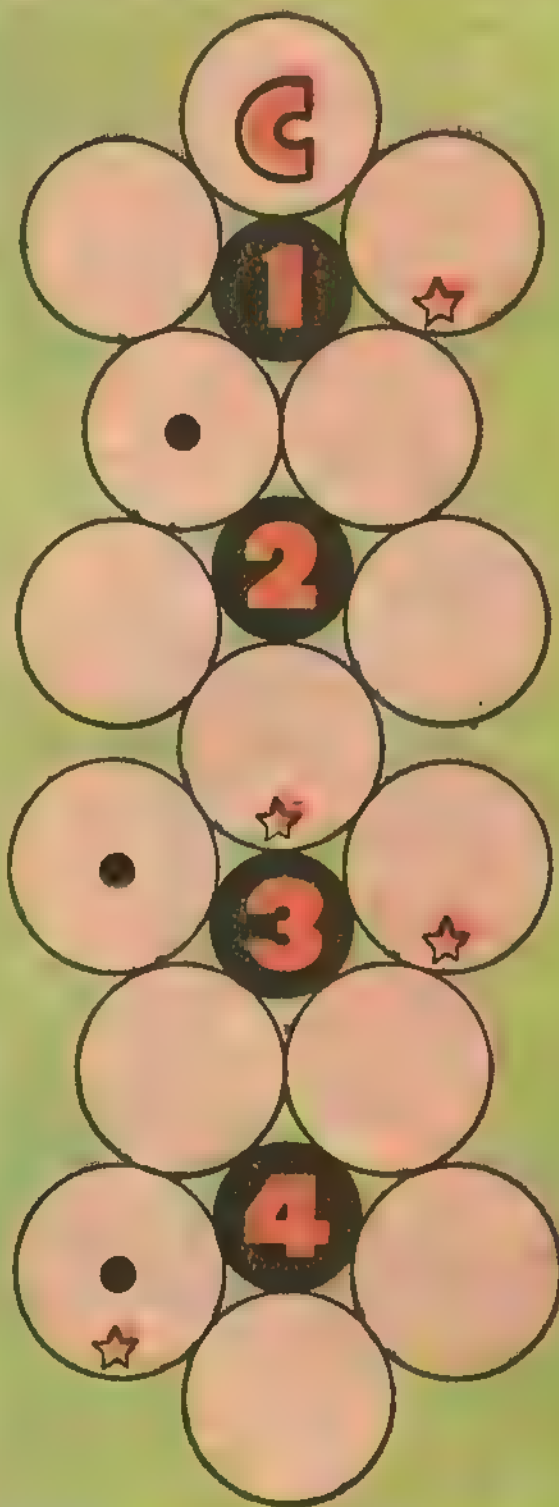
word 1 - WLONC
word 2 - VENOW
word 3 - TAMEL
word 4 - KEFAL

Final Goal

--	--	--	--

Directions:

FIRST **UNSCRAMBLE** THE 4 SETS OF SCRAMBLED LETTERS, MAKING A **FIVE-LETTER WORD** OF EACH SCRAMBLE. THEN PRINT EACH WORD, A LETTER IN EACH CIRCLE AROUND EACH OF THE 4 NUMBERS, **CLOCKWISE.....** THE **INITIAL LETTER** FOR **WORD NUMBER ONE** STARTS YOU OFF. THE **3 DOTS** INDICATE WHERE THE OTHER THREE WORDS BEGIN. **THIS COMPLETED, YOUR FINAL GOAL** (USING THE FOUR LETTERS YOU HAVE PRINTED ON THE **4 STARRED CIRCLES**) IS TO SPELL THE FOUR-LETTER WORD SUGGESTED BY THE CARTOON CLUE! CAN YOU DO IT?



THE ANSWER

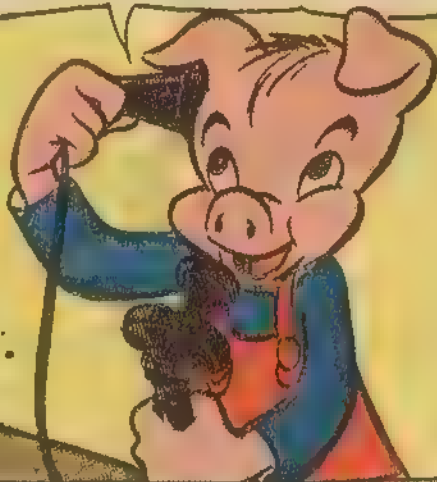
[LEFT]

1 - CLOWN 2 - WOVEN 3 - METAL 4 - FLAKE

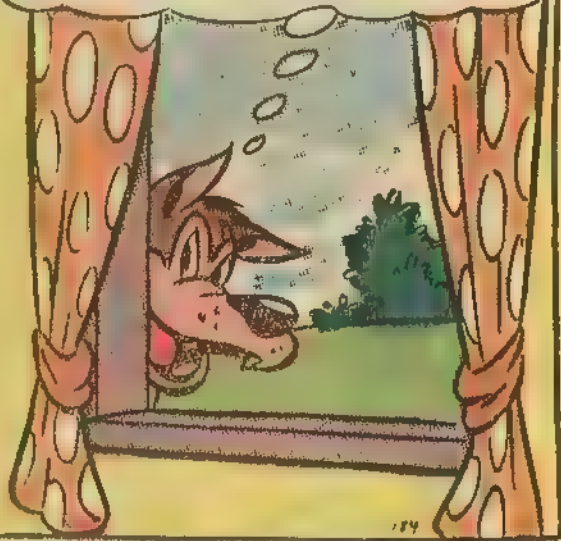
PETER PORKCHOPS

in "A Good Skate!"

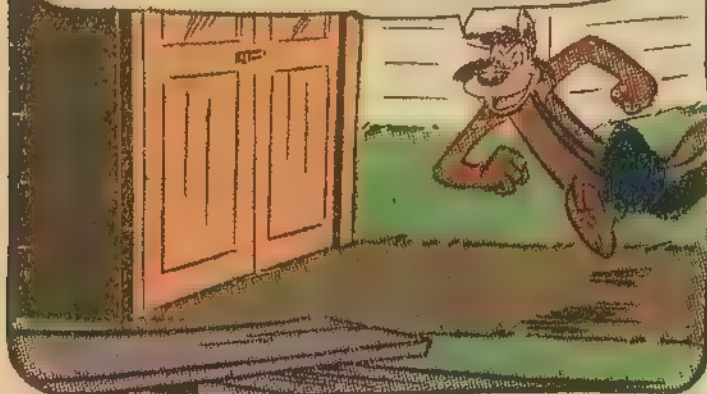
EMPLOYMENT AGENCY--? THIS IS PETER PORKCHOPS! I WONDERED IF YOU FOUND ME A JOB YET! LACEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE? I'LL BE THERE IN TEN MINUTES!



SO PETER'S GOT A JOB WAITING FOR HIM AT LACEY'S DEPARTMENT STORE!



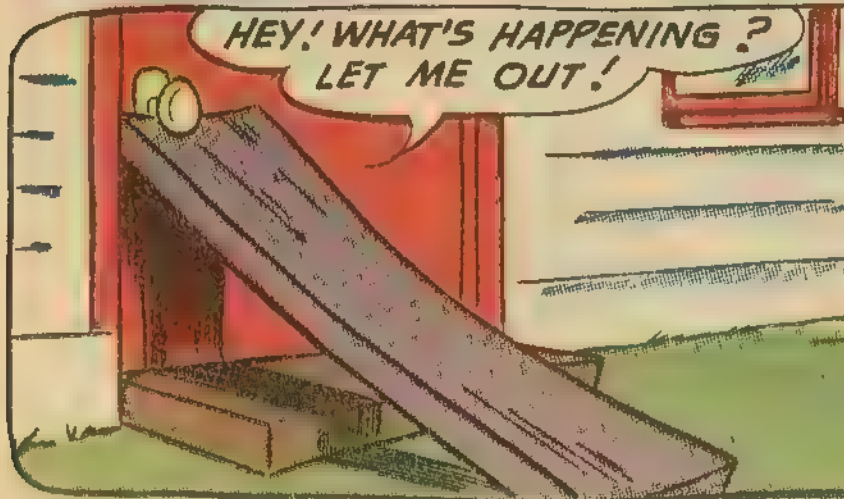
IT SEEMS A SHAME TO WASTE SUCH A NICE SETUP ON A DOPE LIKE PORKCHOPS --



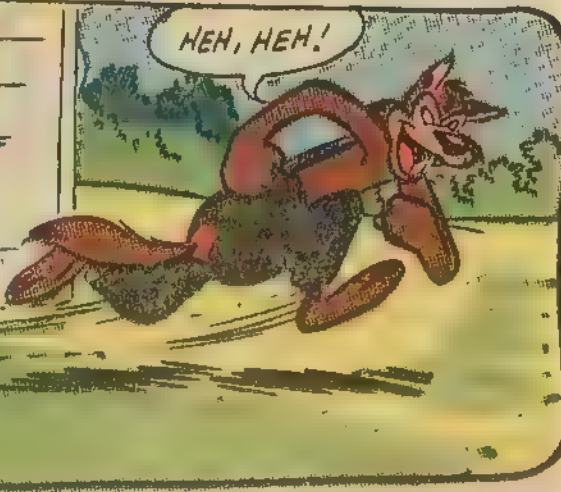
--SO I'LL JUST GRAB IT FOR **MYSELF!**

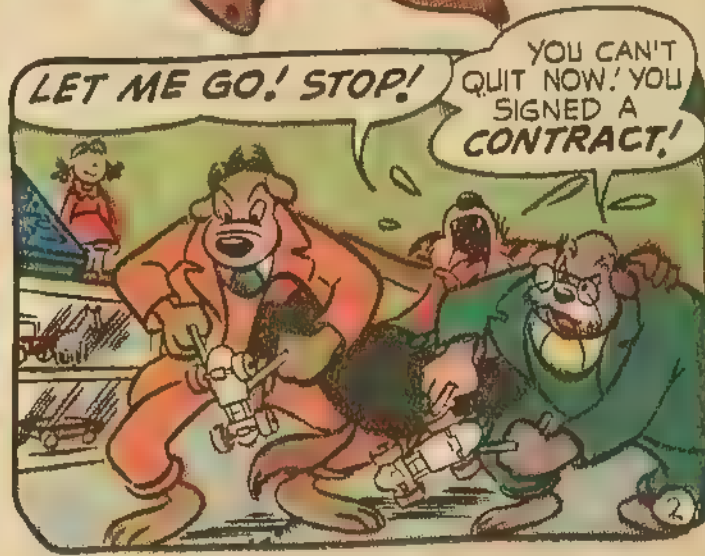
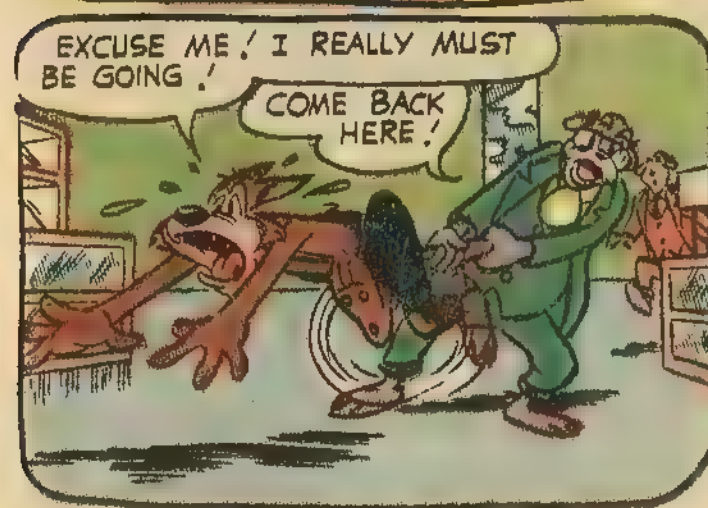
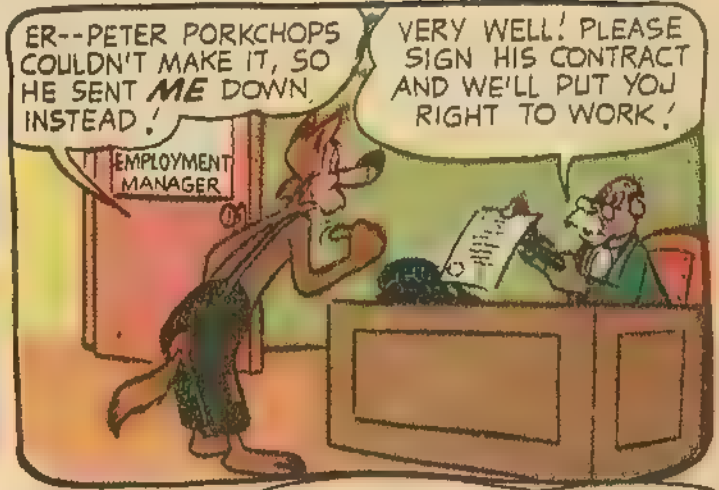


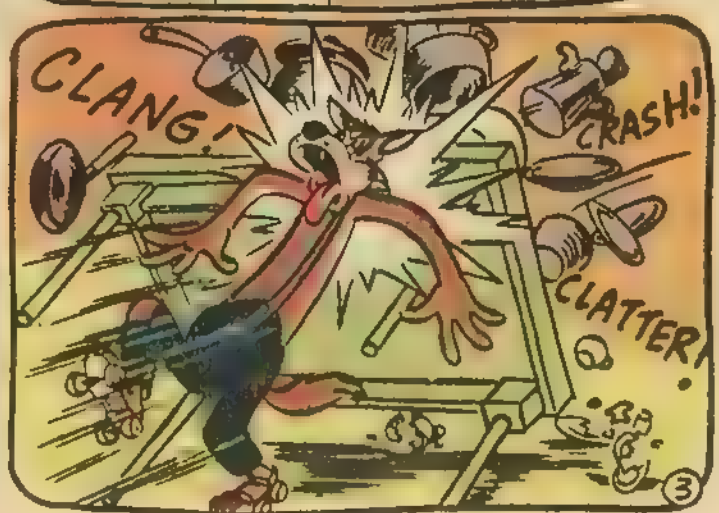
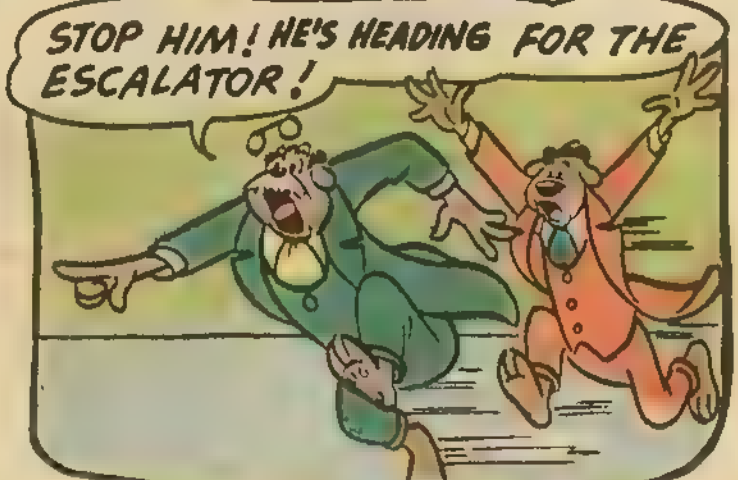
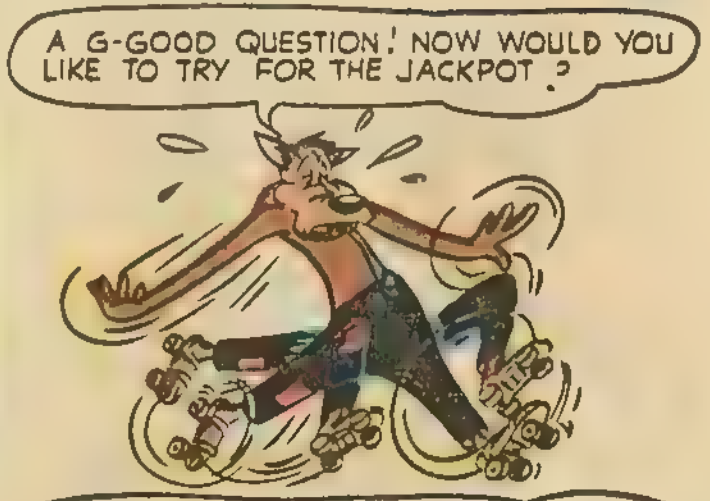
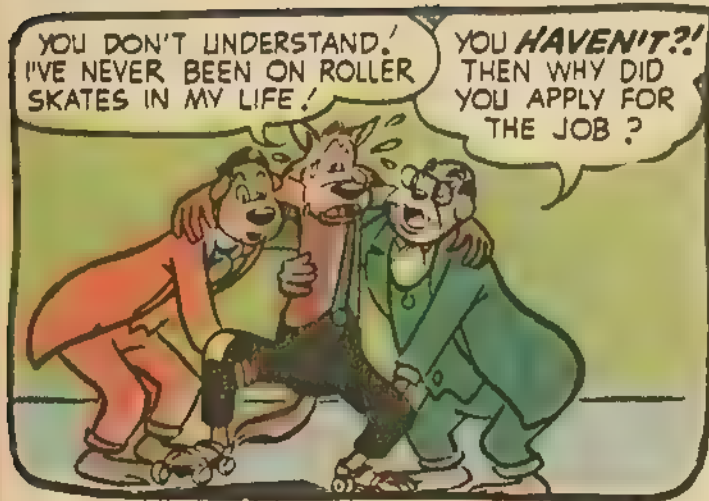
HEY! WHAT'S HAPPENING?
LET ME OUT!

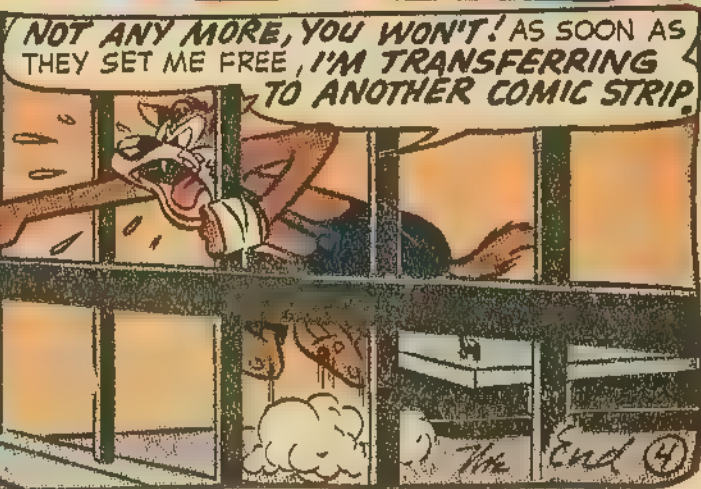
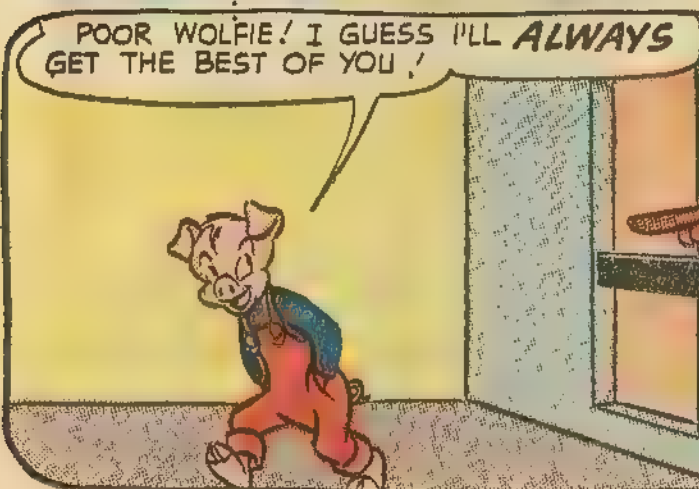
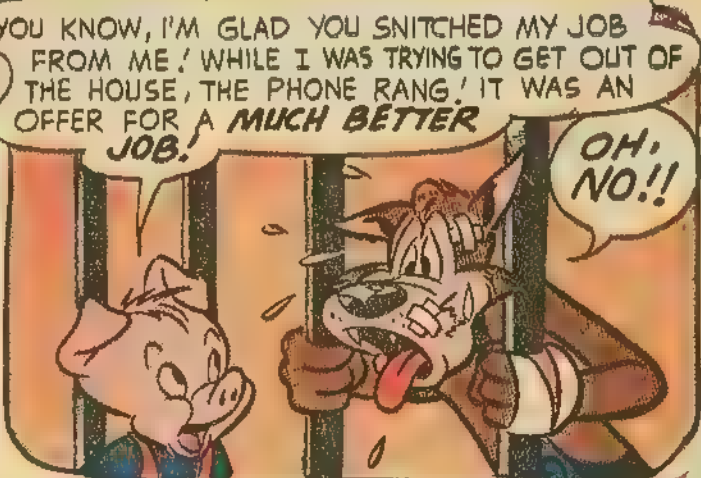
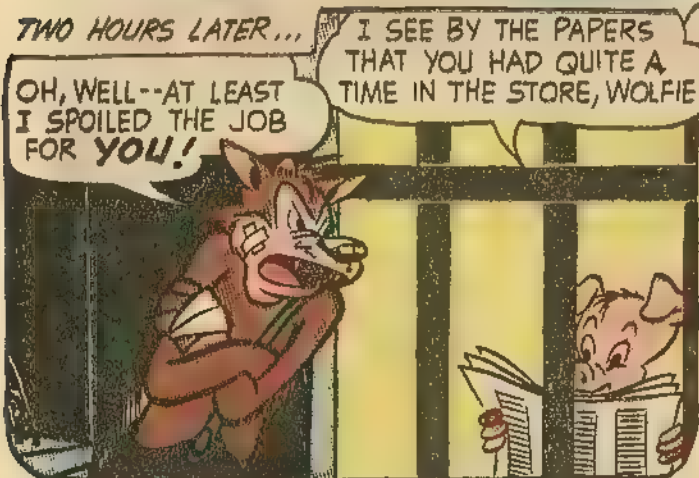
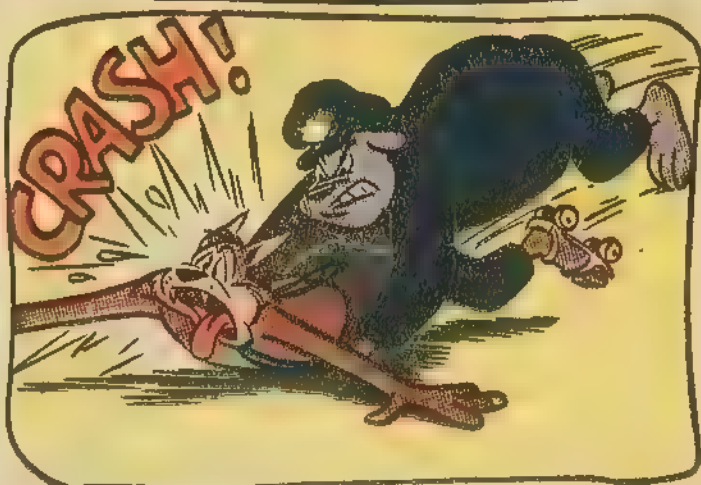
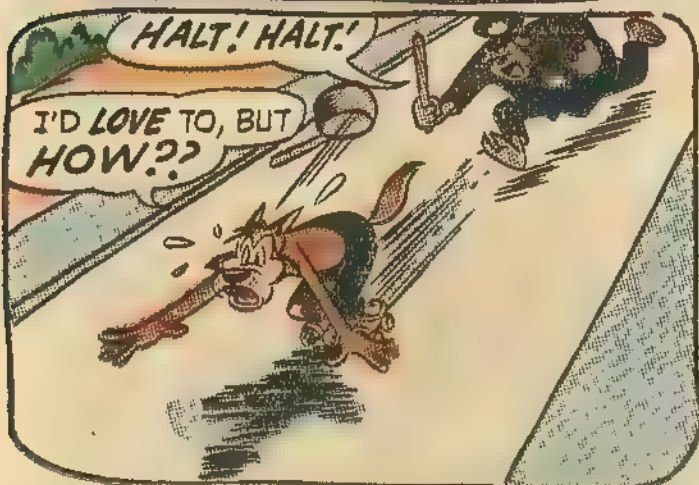
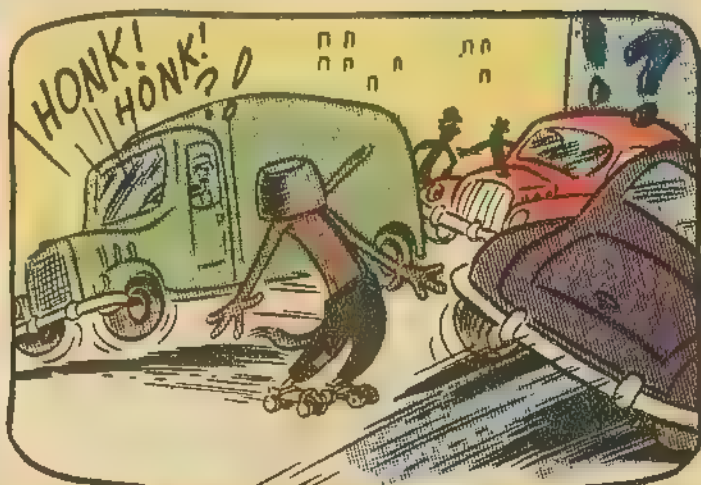
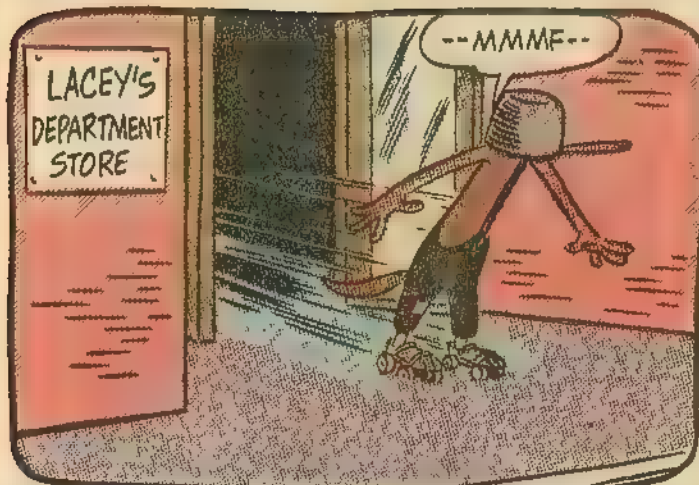


HEH, HEH!

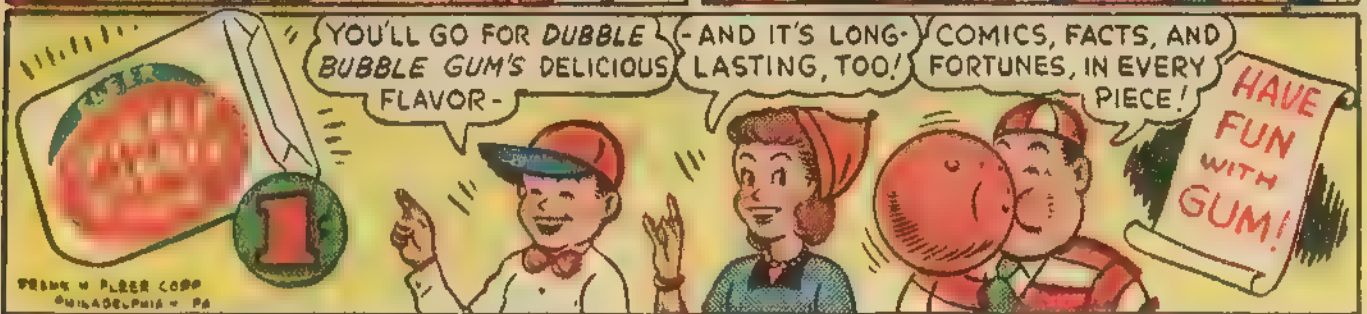
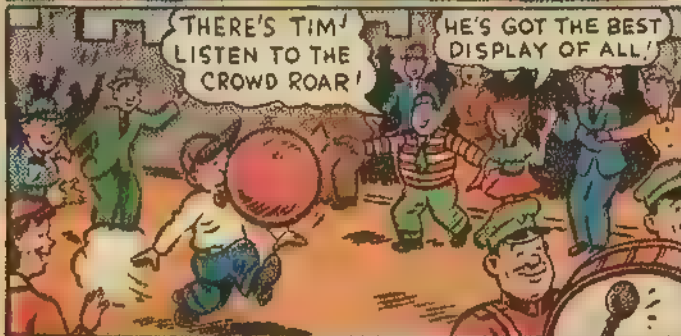








ADVENTURES OF THE DUBBLE BUBBLE KIDS



SCRAMBLED SQUARES...

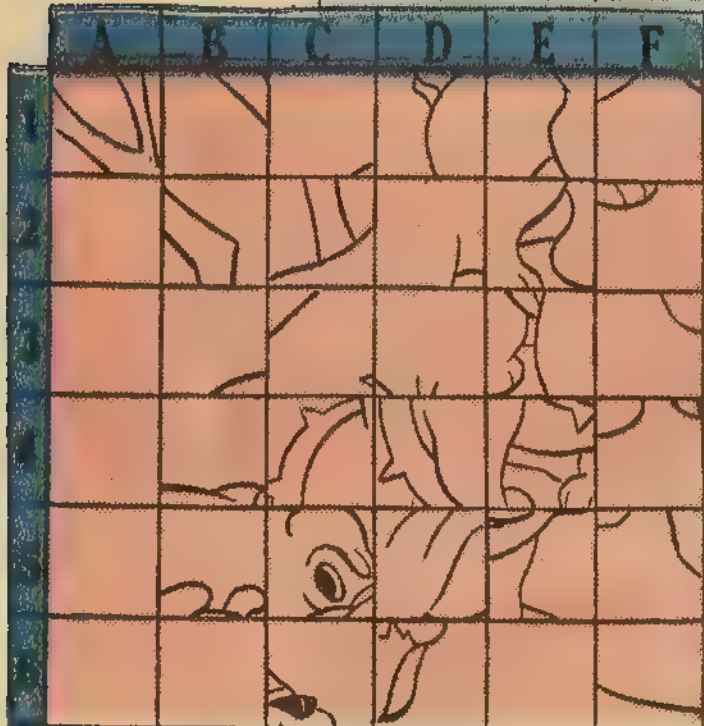


Diagram 1

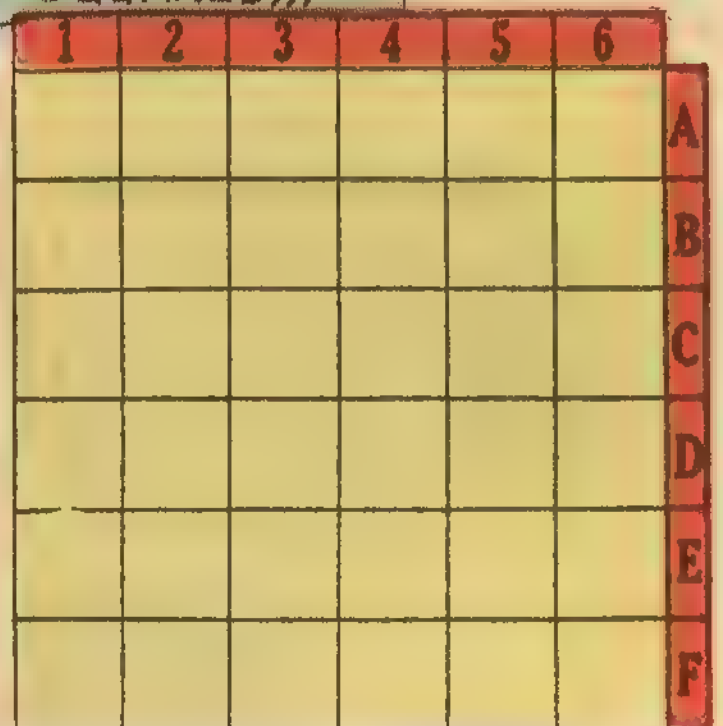
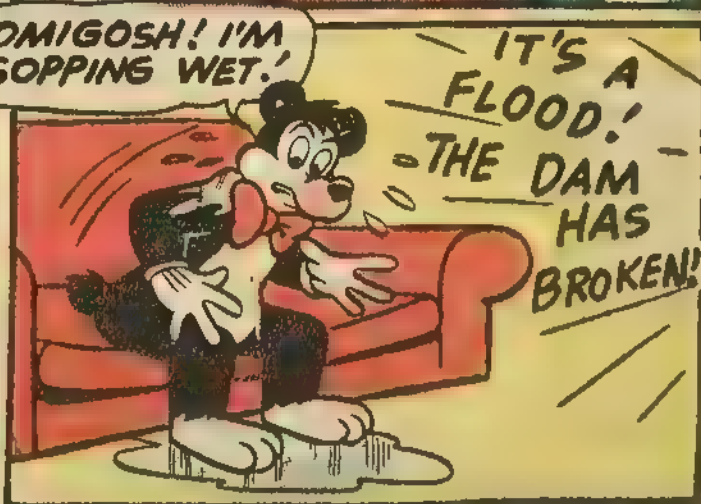
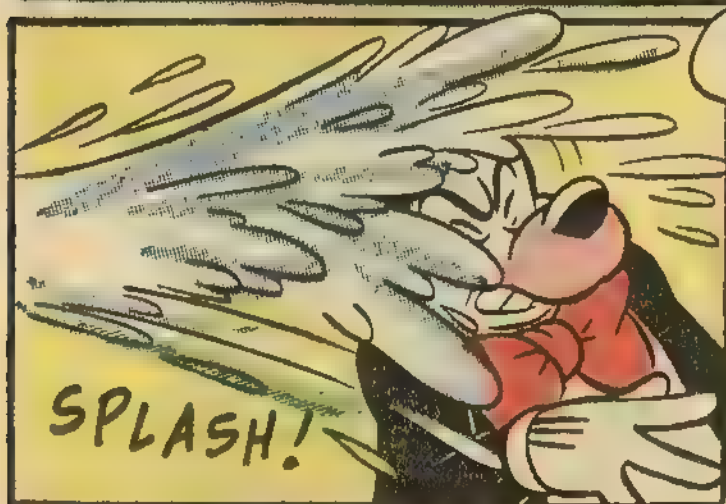
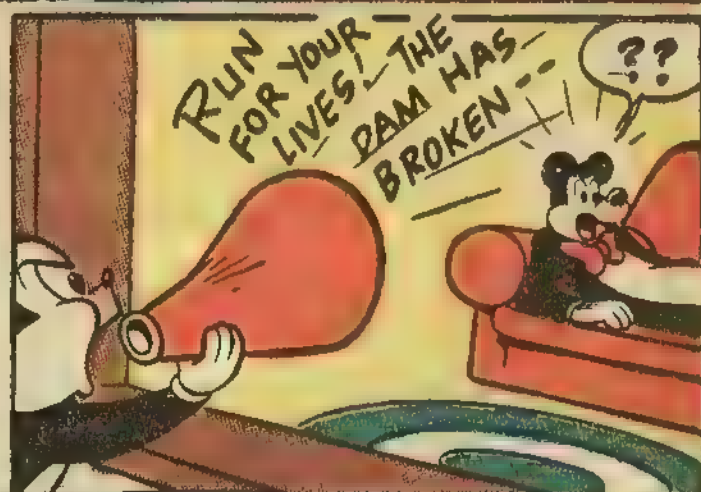
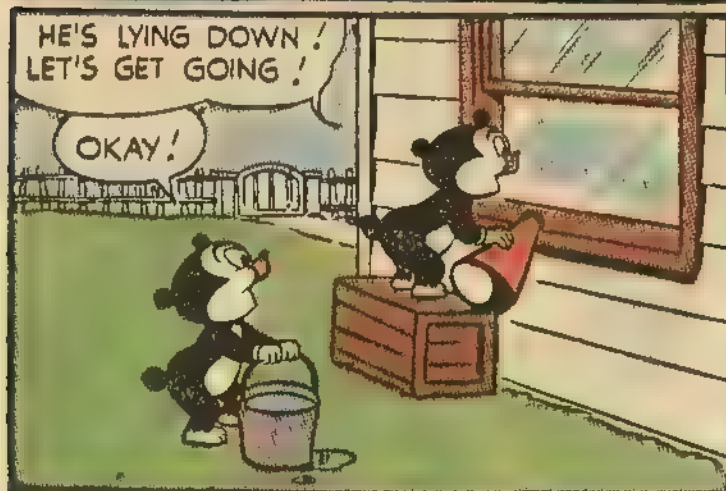
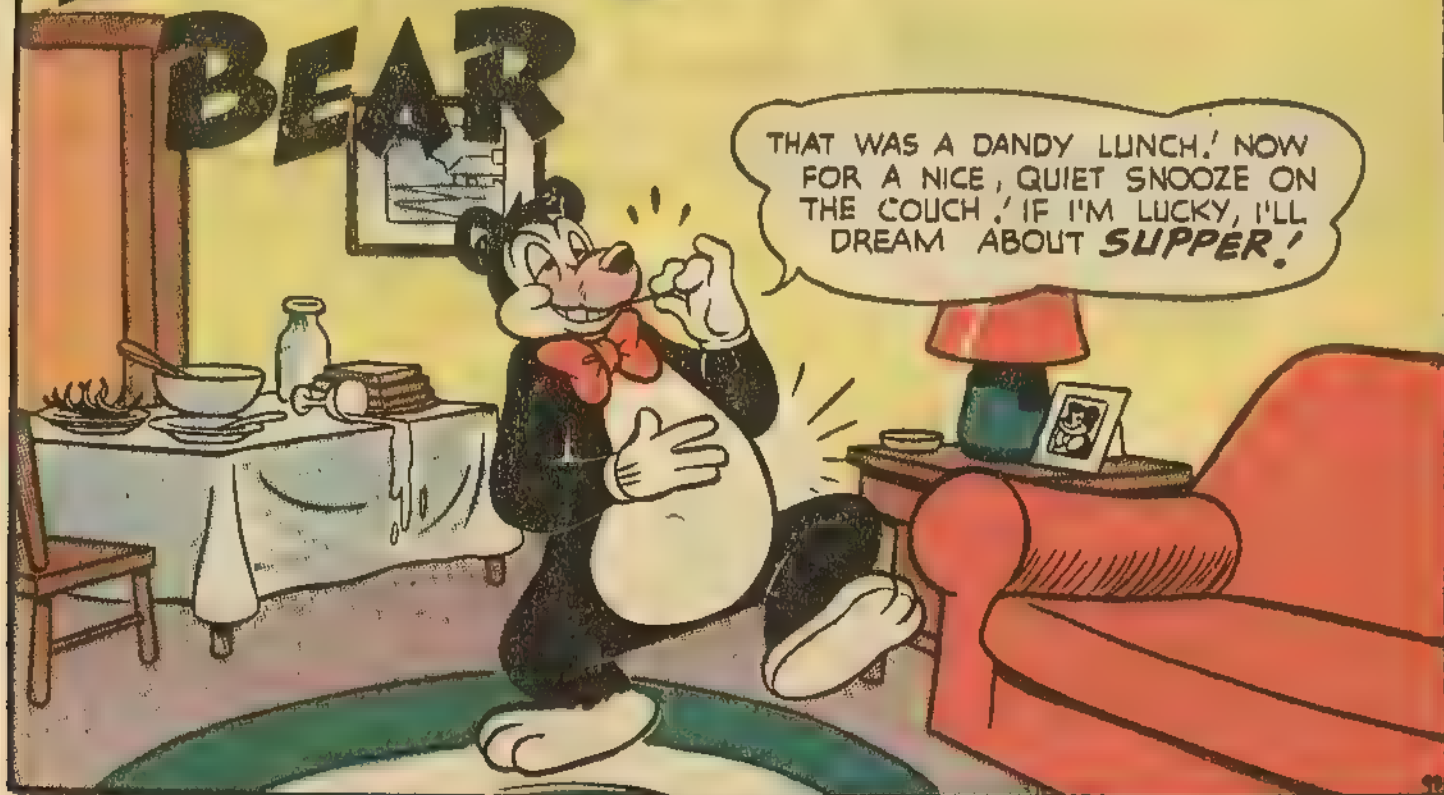


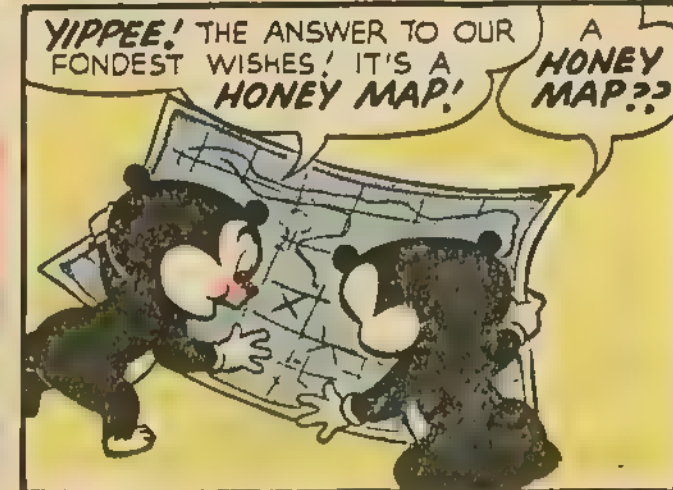
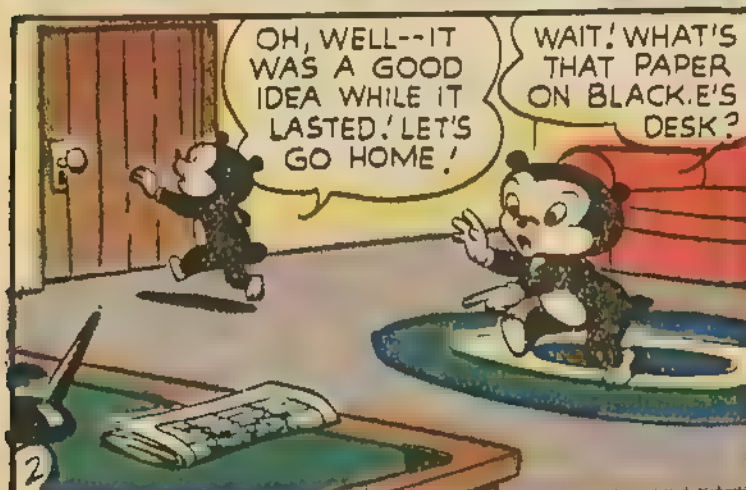
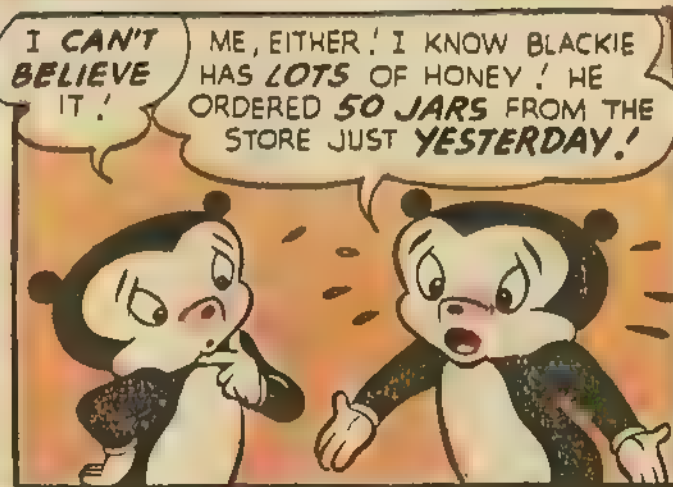
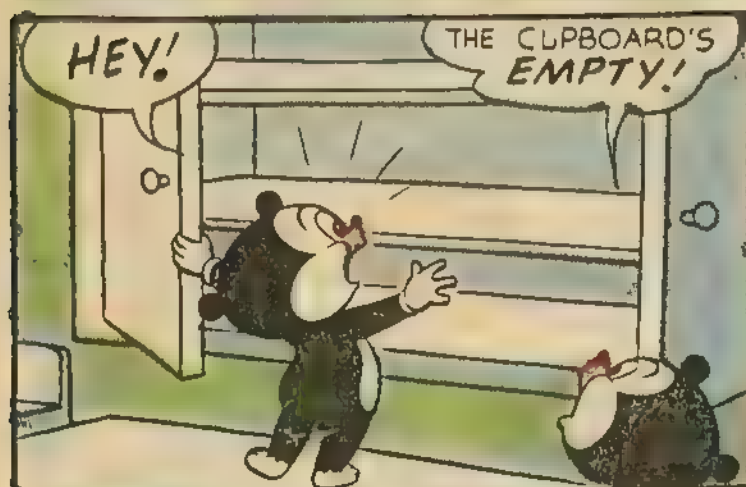
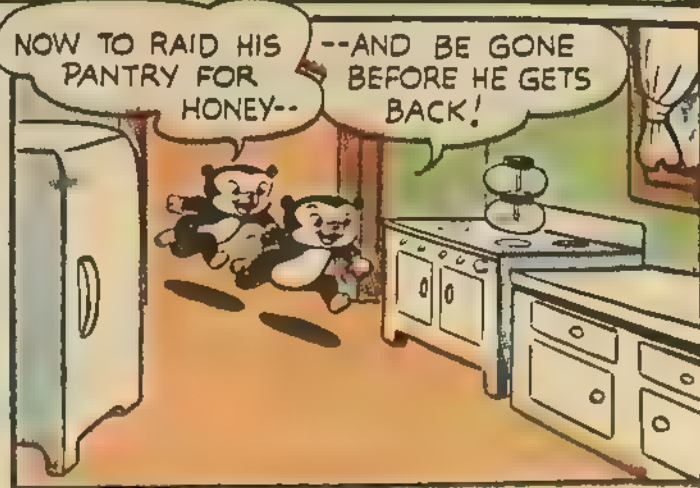
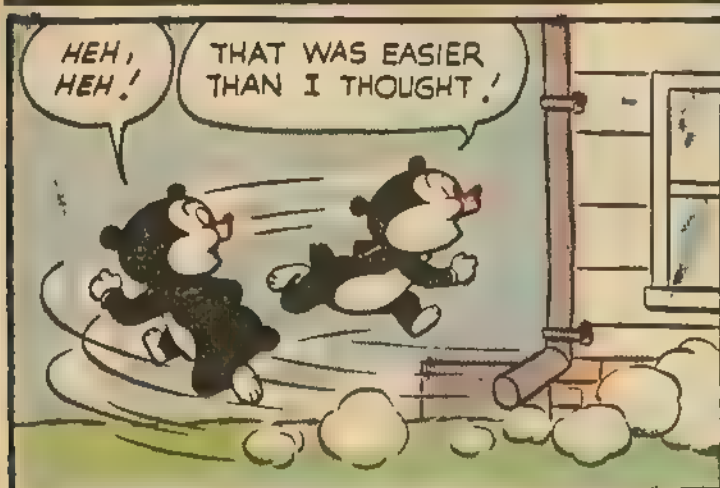
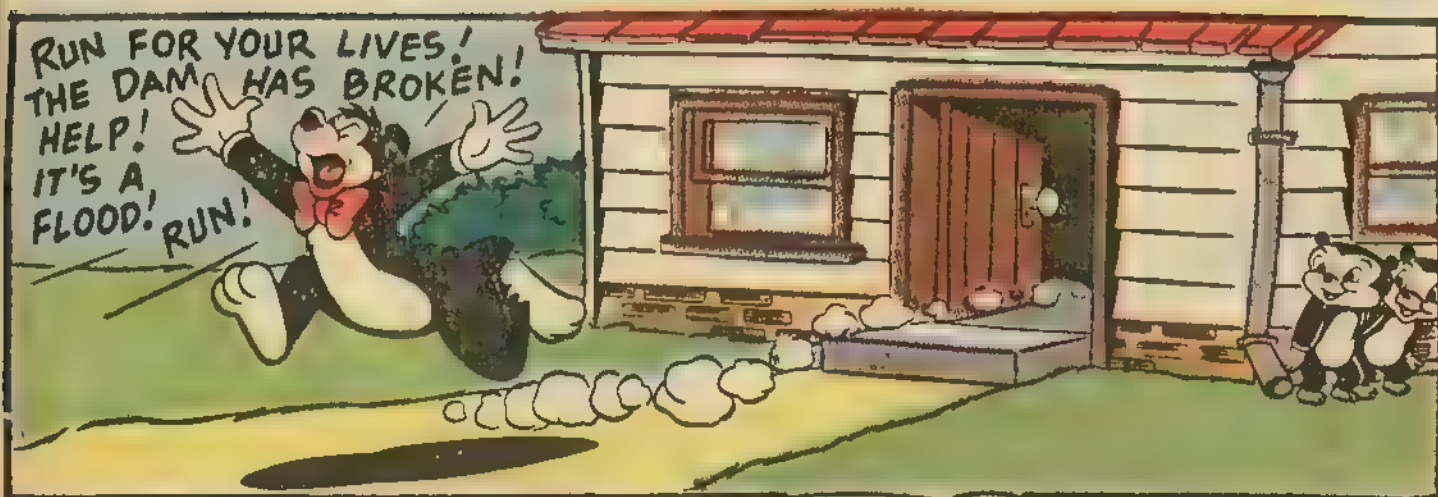
Diagram 2

EVEN IF YOU'RE NOT AN ARTIST, YOU CAN DRAW A **SCRAMBLED SQUARE** IN DIAGRAM 2. ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE DIRECTIONS: BEGINNING WITH SQUARE 1-A OF DIAGRAM 1, COPY THE LINES YOU FIND THERE INTO SQUARE 1-A OF DIAGRAM 2. THEN DO THE SAME FOR SQUARES 1-B... 1-C... AND SO ON, UNTIL YOU'VE FINISHED THE TOP ROW. COPY THE REMAINING ROWS IN THE SAME MANNER UNTIL ALL THE SQUARES OF DIAGRAM 1 HAVE BEEN COPIED INTO THE CORRESPONDING SQUARES OF DIAGRAM 2. IF YOU'VE COPIED CAREFULLY, LO AND BEHOLD... YOU'LL SEE BEFORE YOU THE **SCRAMBLED SQUARES**!

BLACKIE BEAR

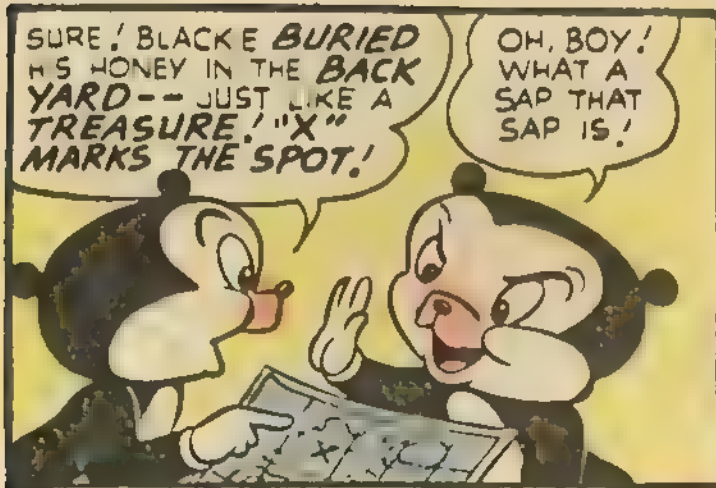
"ON THE MAP!"

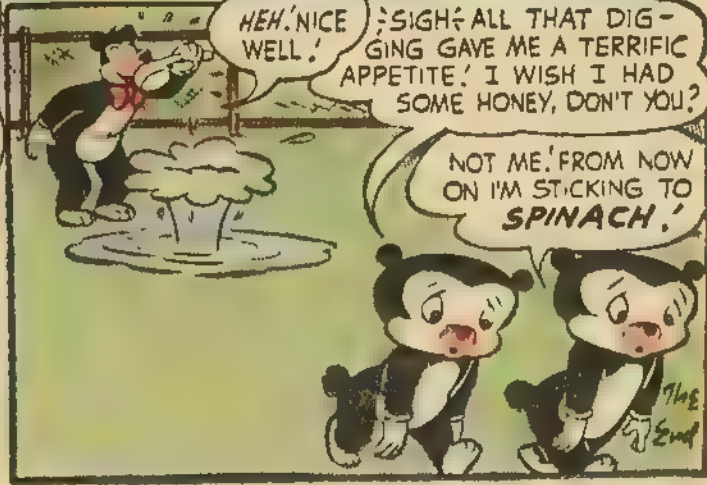
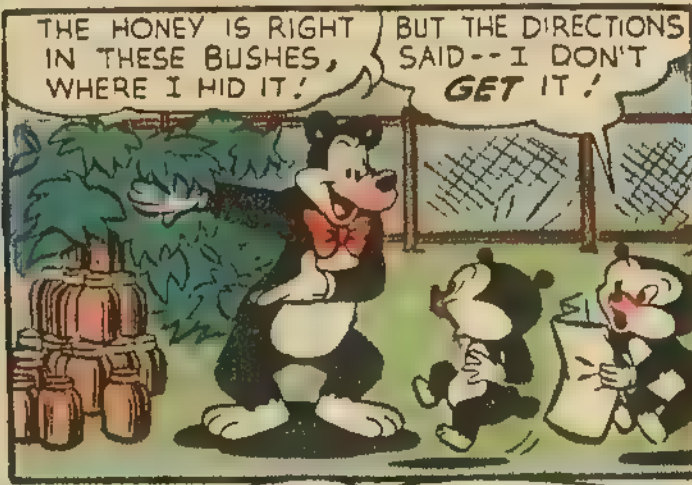
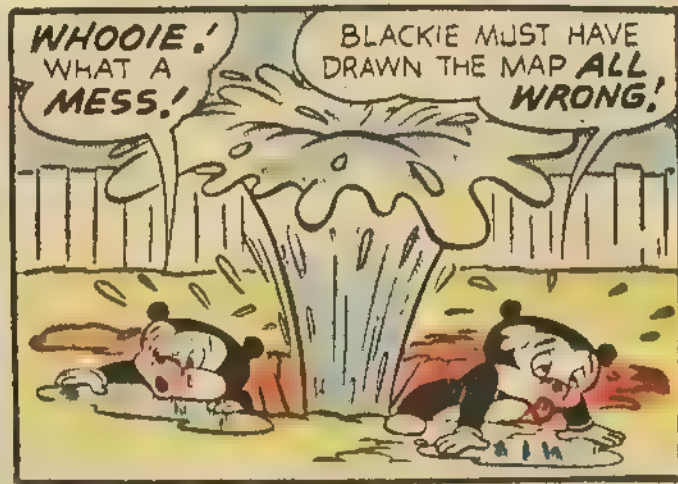
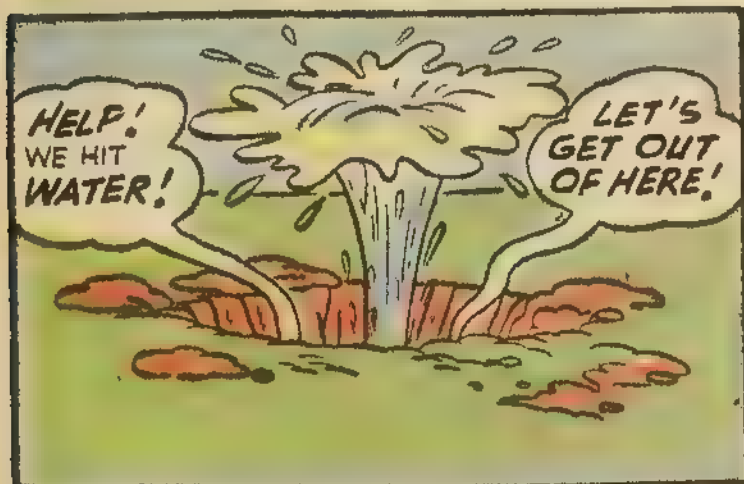
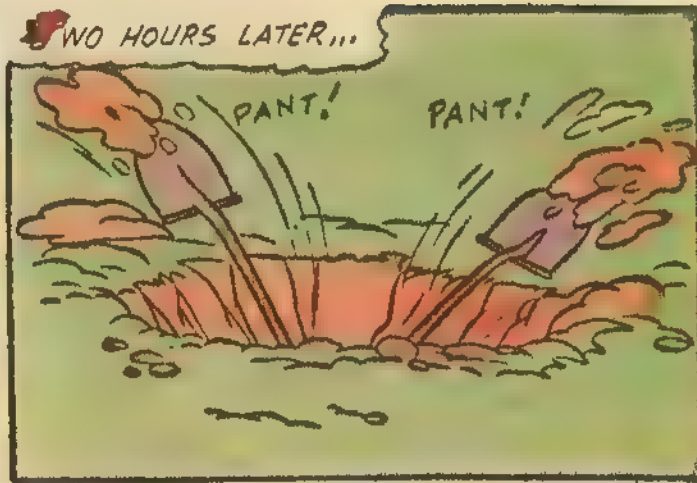
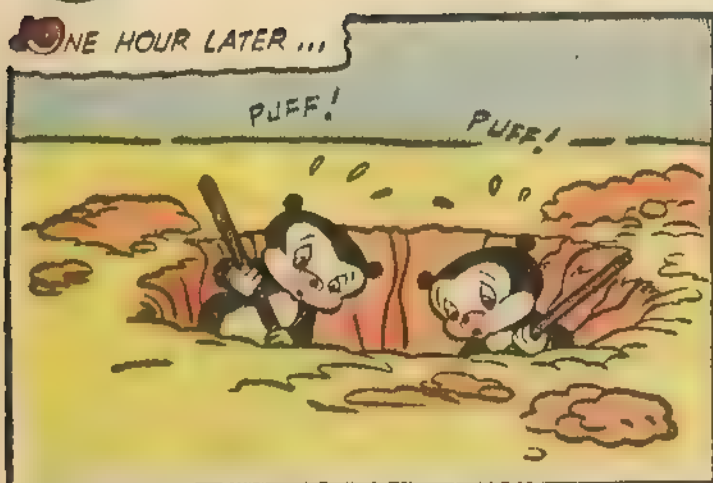




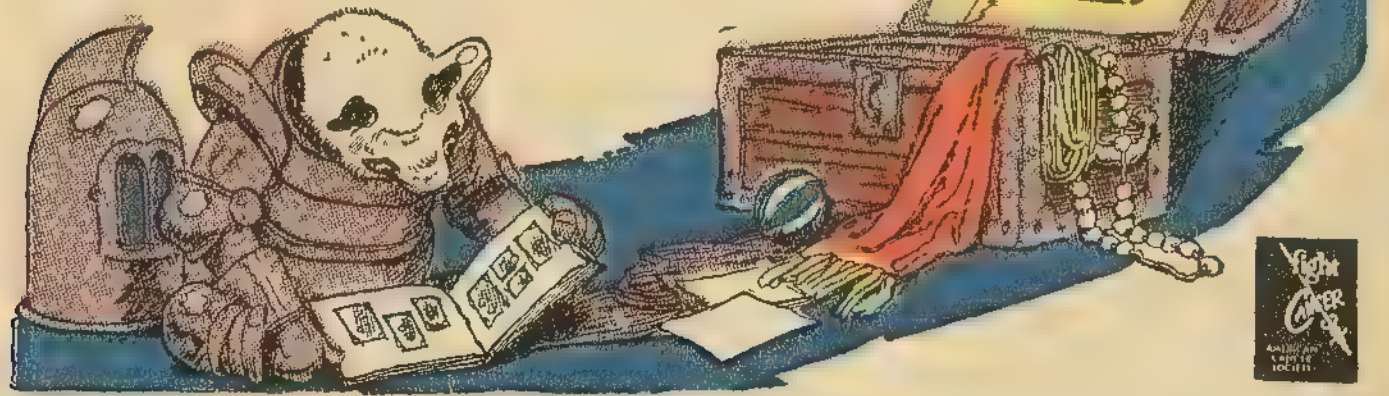


LEADING SCREEN COMICS





FATHER TIME



"WHEN I grow up," announced Peter Panda to his parents, "I am going to be a *spaceship pilot*!"

Father Panda glanced up from his magazine and smiled. He looked at his little son in his space pilot's suit and helmet, carrying his ray gun and his all-universe compass.

"Times have changed," Father Panda said. "When I was a little boy, I wanted to be a *cowboy* when I grew up. We played 'cowboys 'n Indians' all day long and every day. Nothing else!"

Peter's mother said, "Nowadays 'cowboys 'n Indians' has changed to 'space pilot and Martians.' That's all I hear all day long and every day! Peter and his space friends!"

"Well, basically it's the same old game, I suppose."

Father Panda buried his head in his magazine again. Mother Panda sewed a tuck into a shirt she was making for Peter. The tiny panda sat in his tiny rocking chair, thinking . . .

"Gee! *Daddy* used to be *little*!" he thought, trying very hard to imagine such a thing. "How strange!"

Peter looked at his daddy high in the chair above him. Why, he was *five* times as big as Peter! His shoes were longer than Peter's rocker was wide. The handkerchief in his suit pocket was twice as large as Peter's space pilot scarf. But it wasn't just how *big* he was. It was how *old* he was. Why, for goodness sake, daddy drove a *car*, all by himself! He went to an *office*! He said words Peter couldn't even begin to pronounce. He could make things seem so *simple* which to Peter seemed so *hard*—like using a fork and knife, or shoveling snow, or buttoning buttons real fast.

"And yet once *he* was *little* like *me*!" Peter thought, wide-eyed and wondering. Suddenly another thought occurred to Peter. "If daddy used to be little like me, most likely some day I will be big like him! A-and I'll be like him in *other* ways, too!" And then a terrible thought struck Peter. *He couldn't be a spaceship pilot if he grew up to be like Daddy!* He'd just go to an *office*. He wouldn't ride on spaceships; he'd ride in a *car*! He wouldn't wear a belt full of bullets; he'd wear a neat pin-striped suit and a blue tie! At night he

wouldn't sleep beside an atomic flare fire on some far planet; he'd come home at six p.m. to a wife and sit down and snore behind a magazine!

"Oh no!" Peter blurted out, bursting into tears, "I want to be a spaceship pilot!"

His parents watched him in amazement as he ran weeping out of the room. He ran all the way up to the attic. There he leaned his face against a dusty, old trunk. Peter cried and cried. He was crying because he wanted to get *big* without getting *old*!

Then his mother came into the dark attic room. She switched on the light and sat down beside Peter. With his mother's arm around him, Peter felt a little better. He stopped crying and just sniffled. Then his mother spoke:

"I think I understand, Peter. You want to grow up, but you only want to grow up *your* way, is that right?"

Peter nodded.

"Well, son," his mother continued, "I want you to do something. I want you to open up this trunk here, see what's inside, and then come downstairs and tell daddy and me what you think about it all. Okay?"

Peter nodded again. His mother went away. Peter opened up the trunk. Inside he found an awful lot of junk. There were old beads and broken toys and yellowed newspapers and torn ribbons. But in among the junk, Peter found two important things. He found a photograph album. And he found a letter . . .

In the album were many snapshots of

his dad. They had been taken when he was Peter's age. He wore a tiny cowboy's outfit and a pint-sized cowboy's ten-gallon hat. There was a picture of him up a tree. There was a picture of him crying. There was a picture of him shooting a gun at a make-believe rustler.

The letter was even more interesting. Peter's dad had written it when he was just Peter's age. The penmanship was quite a bad scribble like Peter's. The letter said:

"Dear Mommy, I am sorry I ran away yesterday and hid during supper just because you said I'd grow up to be like daddy. I will never do it again. But mommy I *still* say I will be a cowboy when I get big. I will catch rustlers all day long. Your loving son Paul."

Peter put the letter and the album back in the trunk. He closed it and went downstairs.

"Hello, Peter," said his father. "Feeling better?"

"Yes, Daddy, but—" Peter thought a moment and said, "You grew up and yet you're *not* a cowboy, as you wanted to be. Aren't you awfully *unhappy*?"

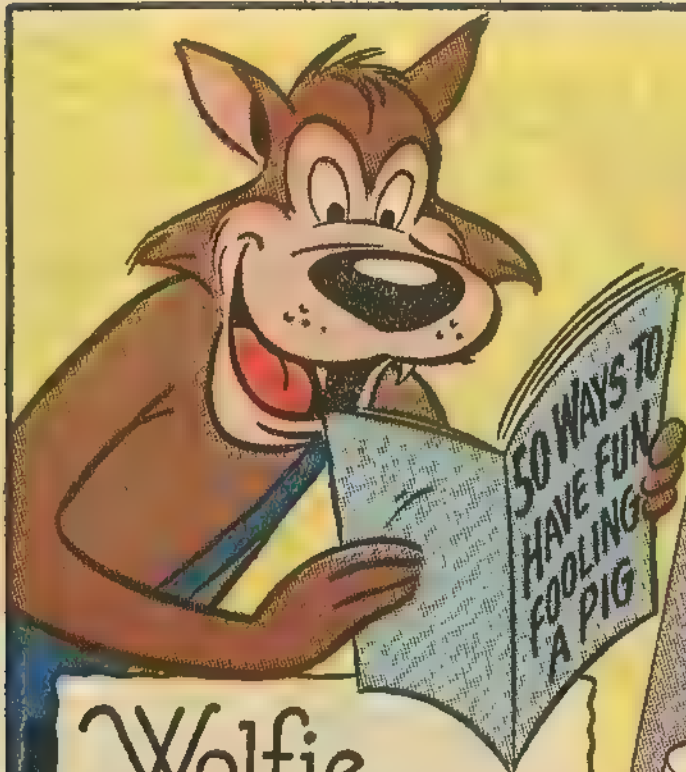
"No, I am the happiest man in the world!"

"*Why? Why, daddy?*"

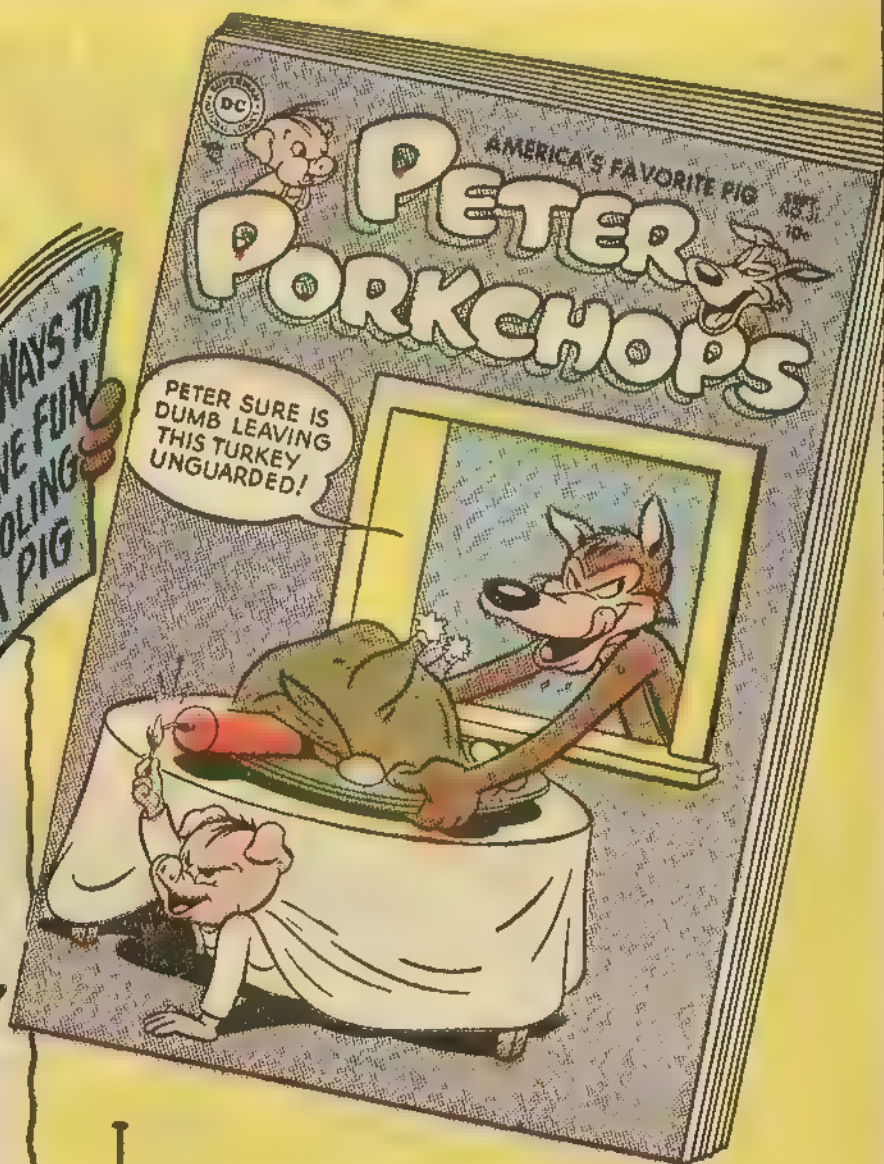
"Because time takes care of things, Peter. As you get bigger, your daydreams get bigger, too. And my biggest daydream came true."

Peter asked him what his biggest daydream had been.

"I wanted to have a tiny spaceship pilot named Peter Panda," his daddy answered. "Someday *you'll* want one, too!"



Wolfie
may be in a dither
deciding the best
way to have fun--
but there's one
thing that's *sure*!
It'll be a cinch
for *you* to
choose the best
way to have
fun! ...



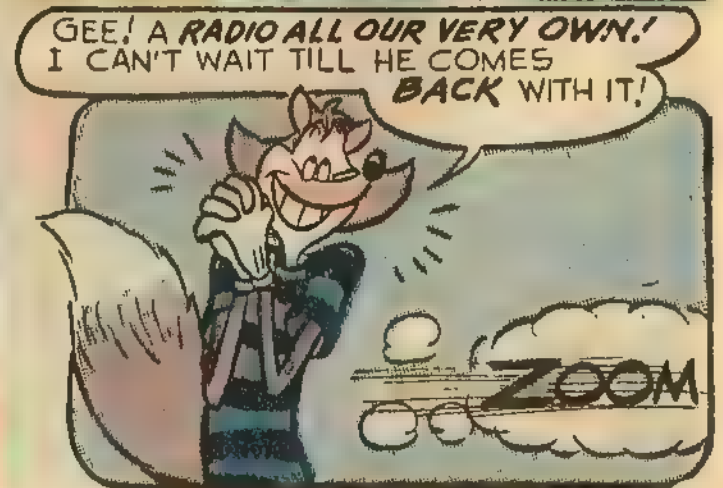
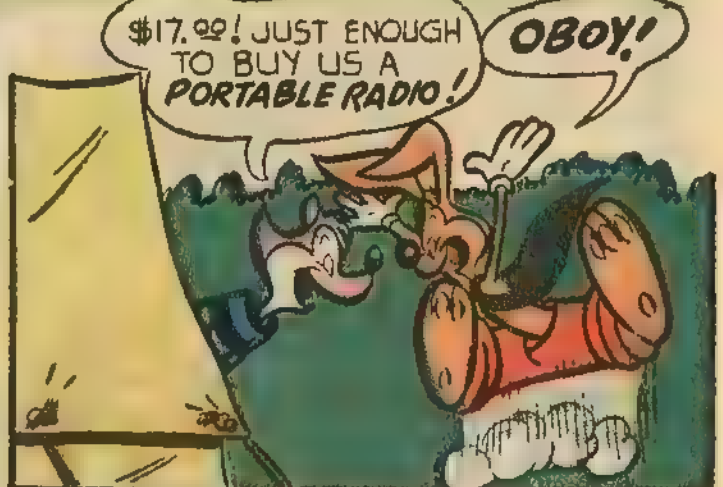
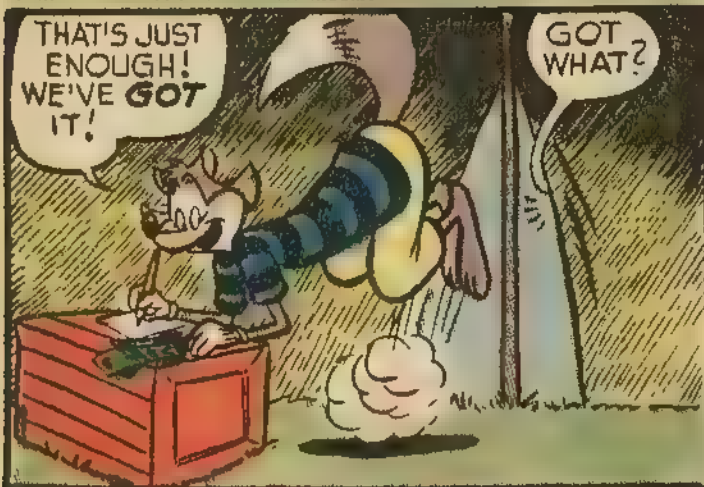
Just go out and buy
the latest issue of

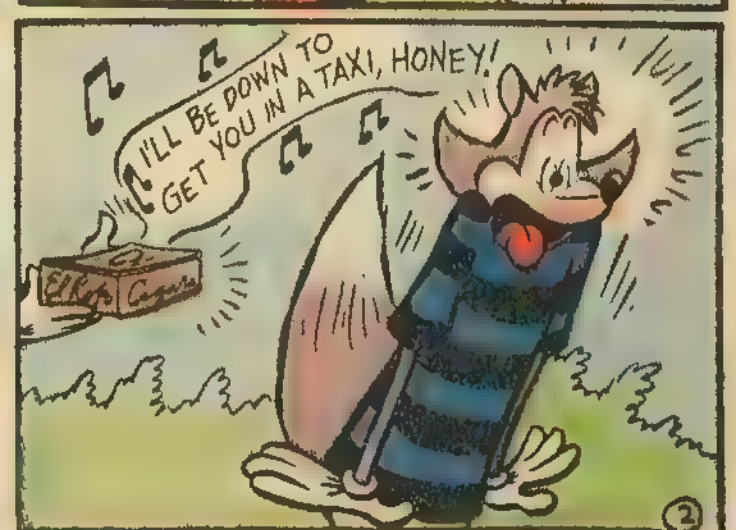
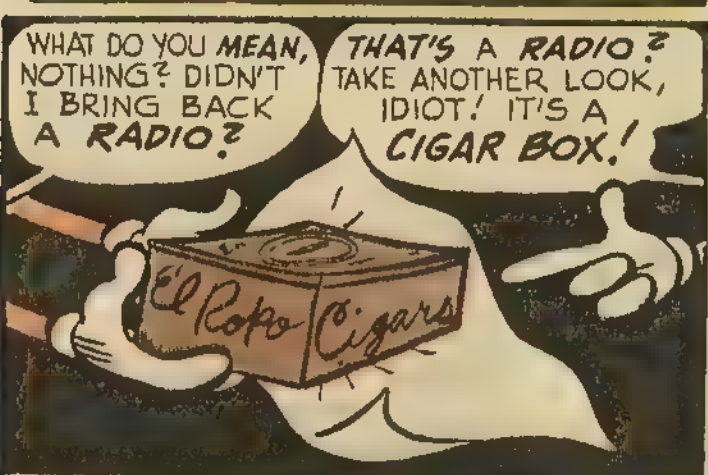
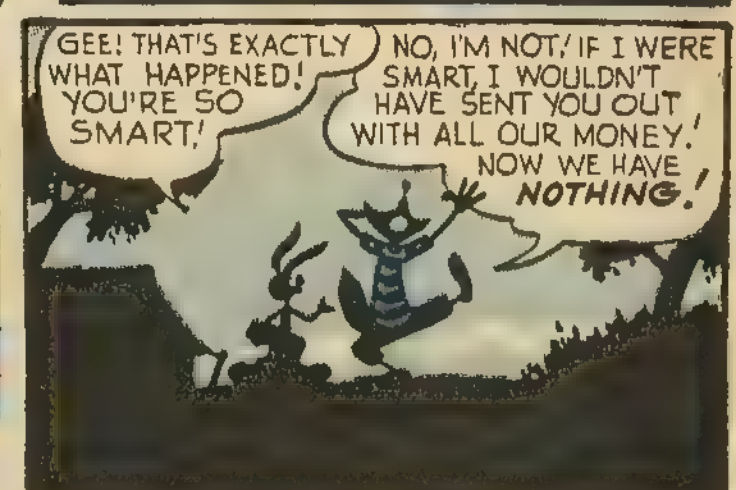
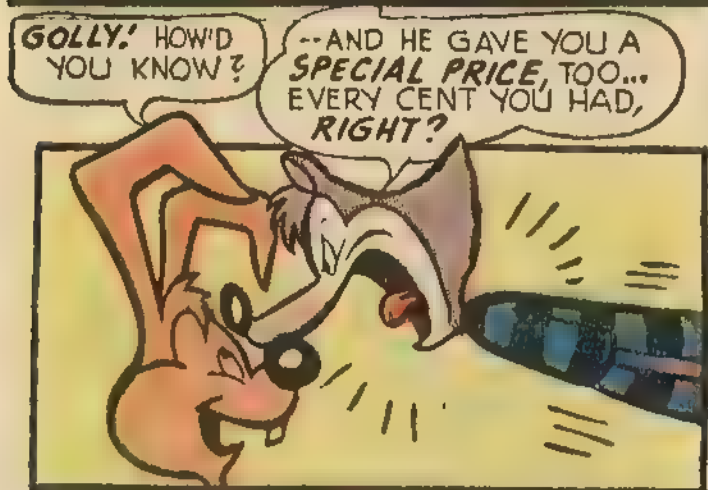
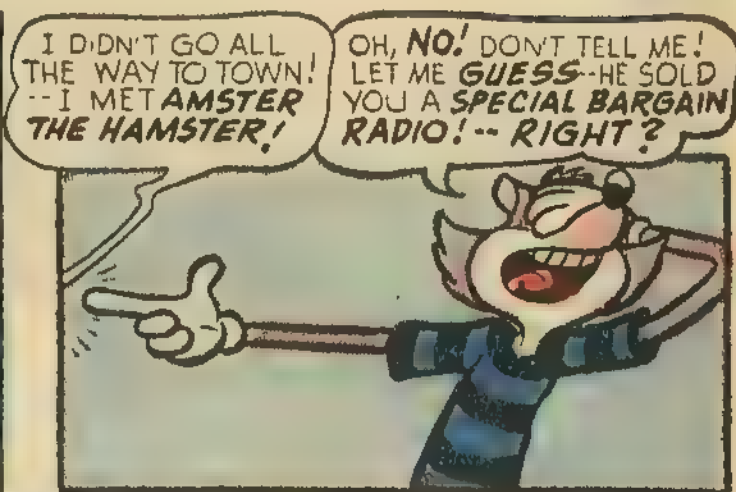
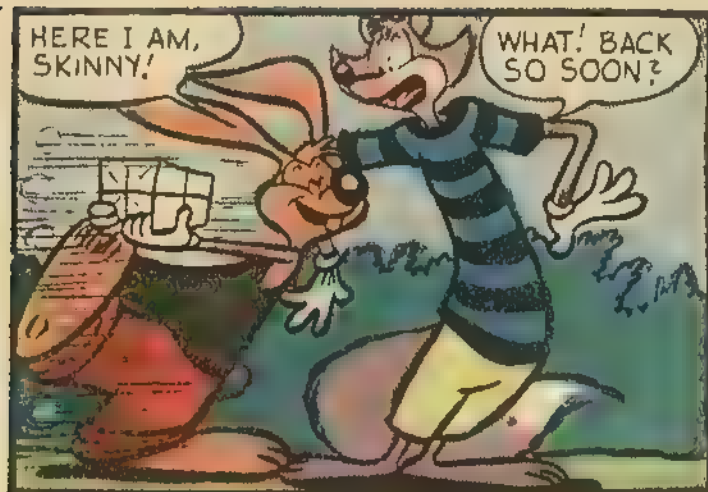
PETER PORKCHOPS



ALWAYS LOOK FOR
THE **DC** EMBLEM
FOR THE *BEST* IN
COMICS READING!

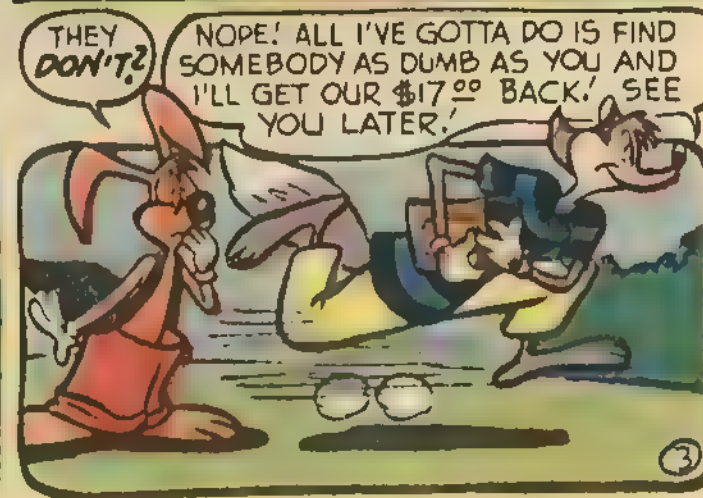
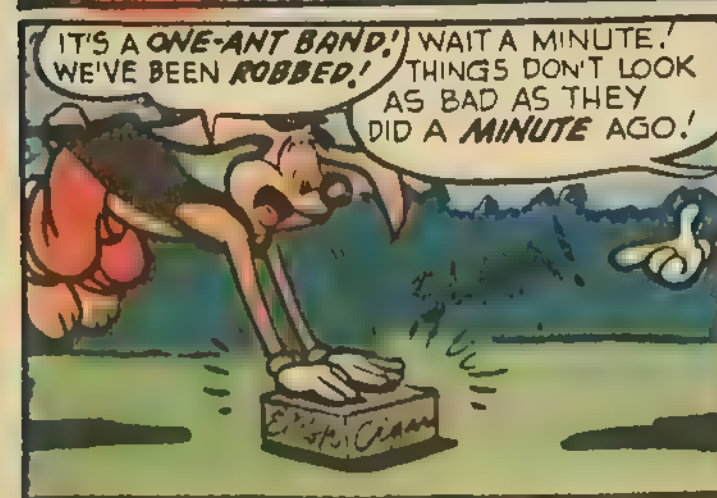
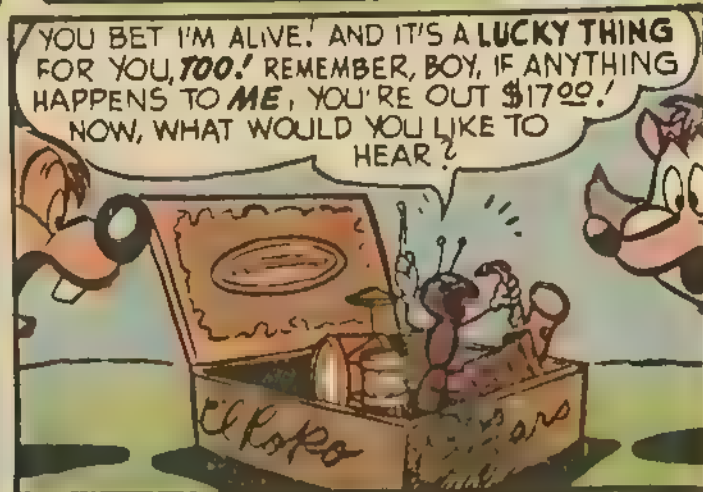
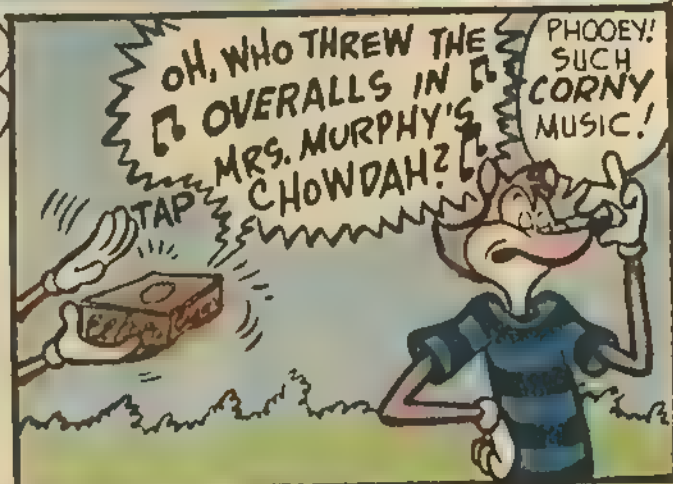
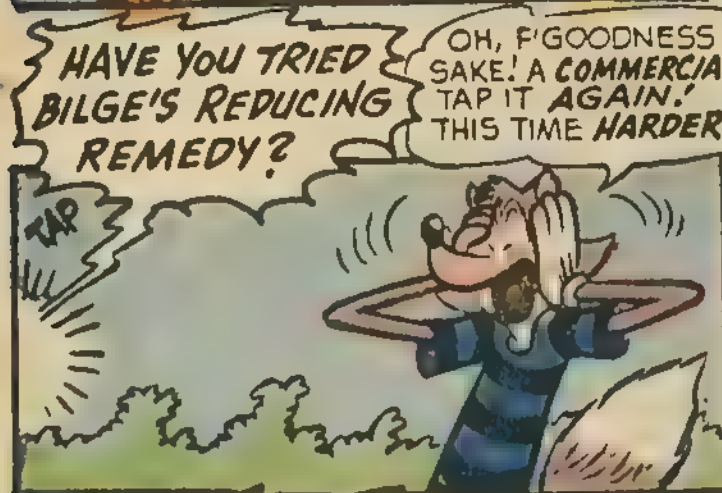
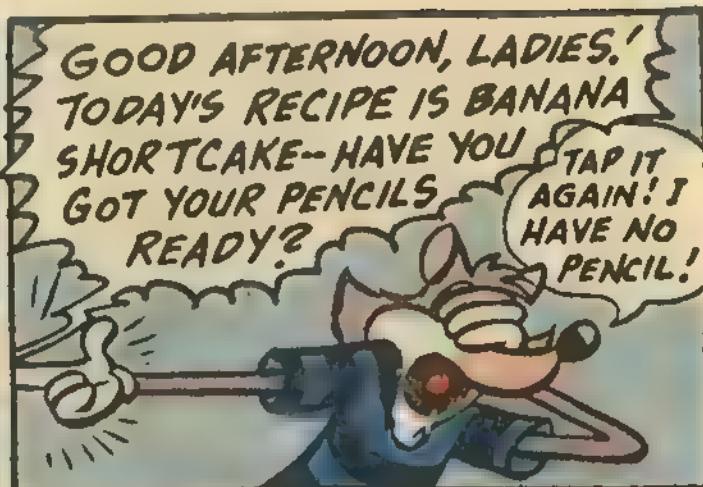
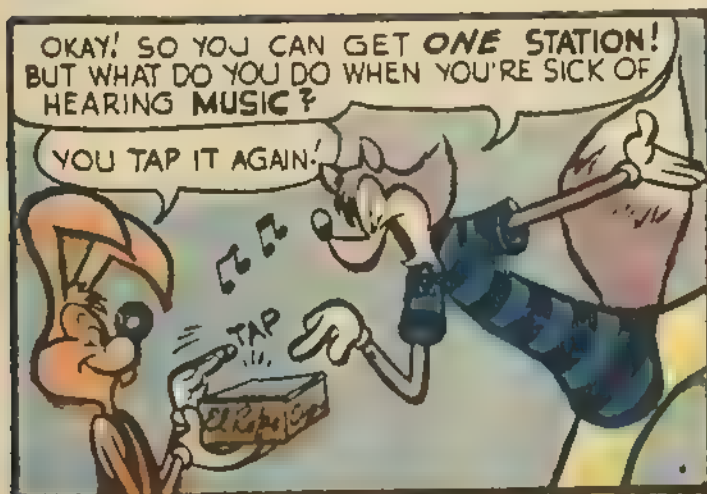
ON SALE
Everywhere!

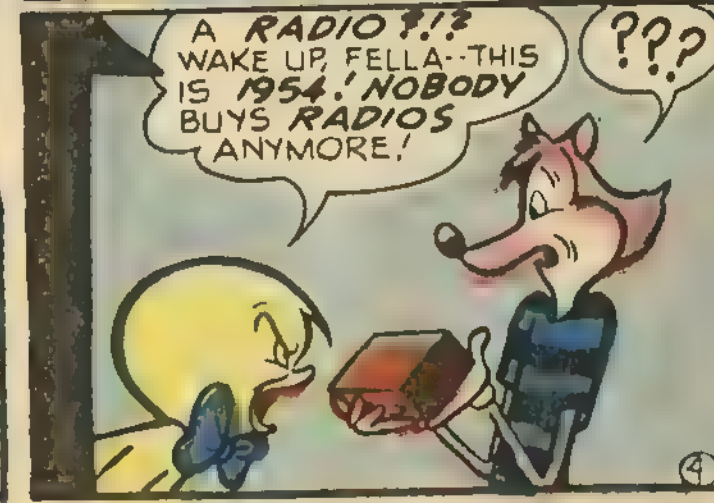
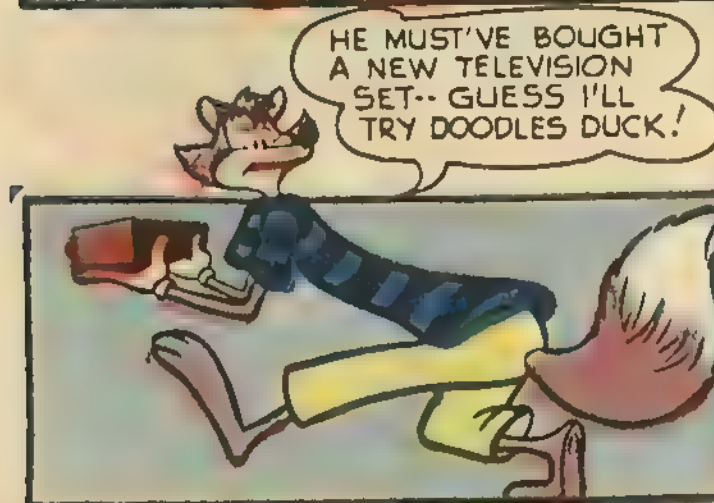
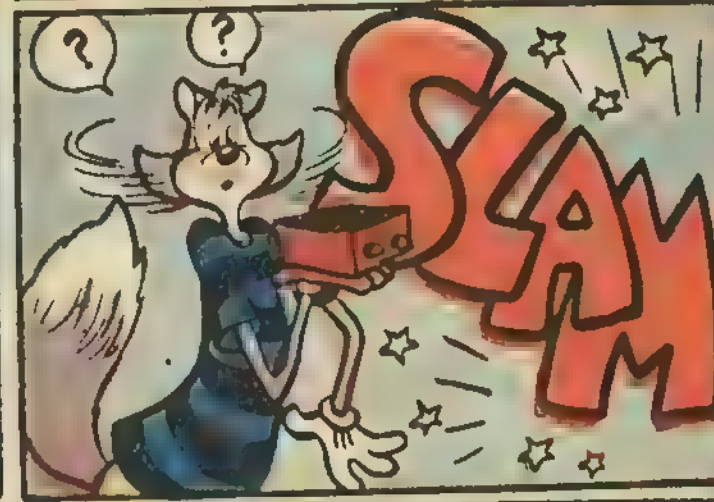
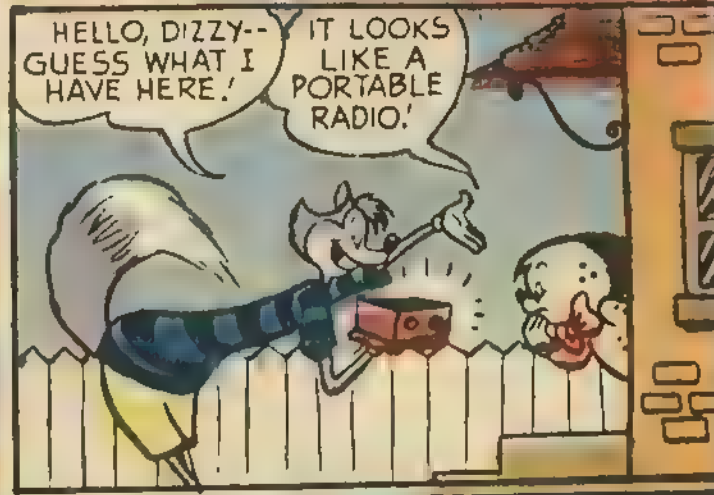
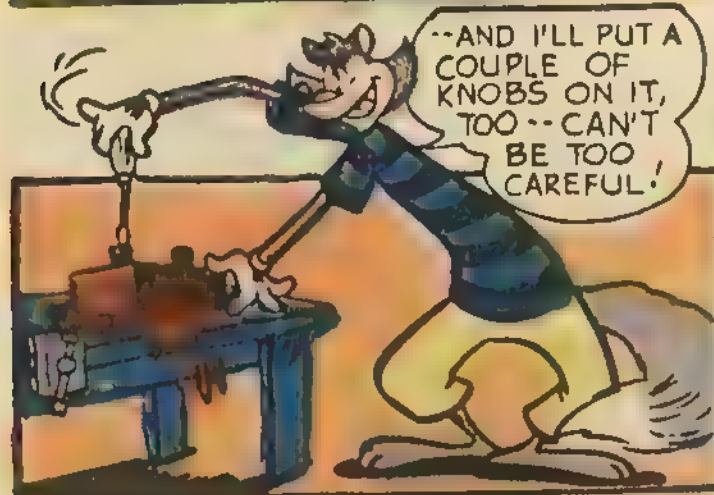
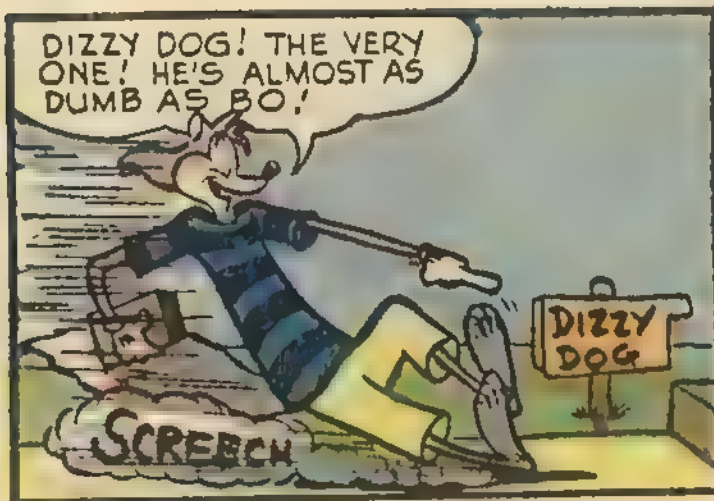


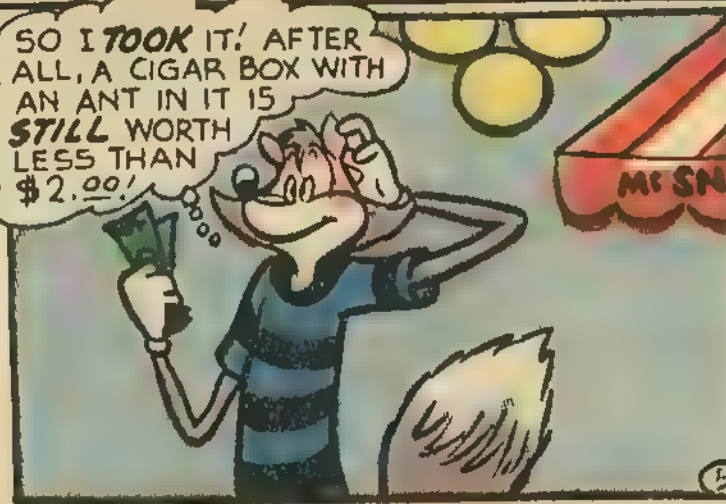
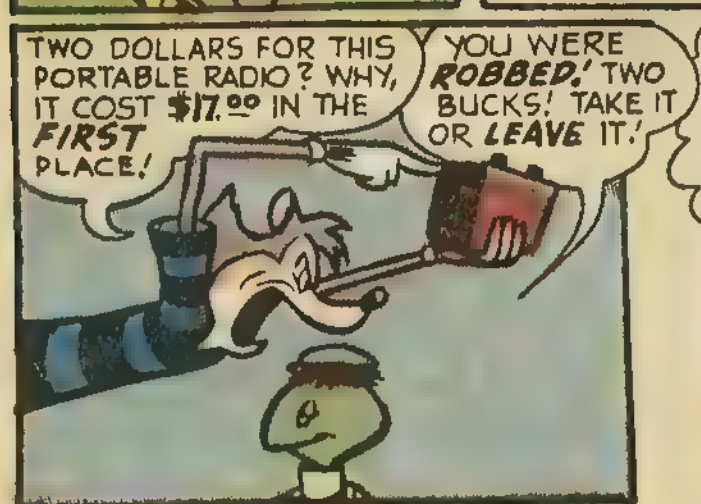
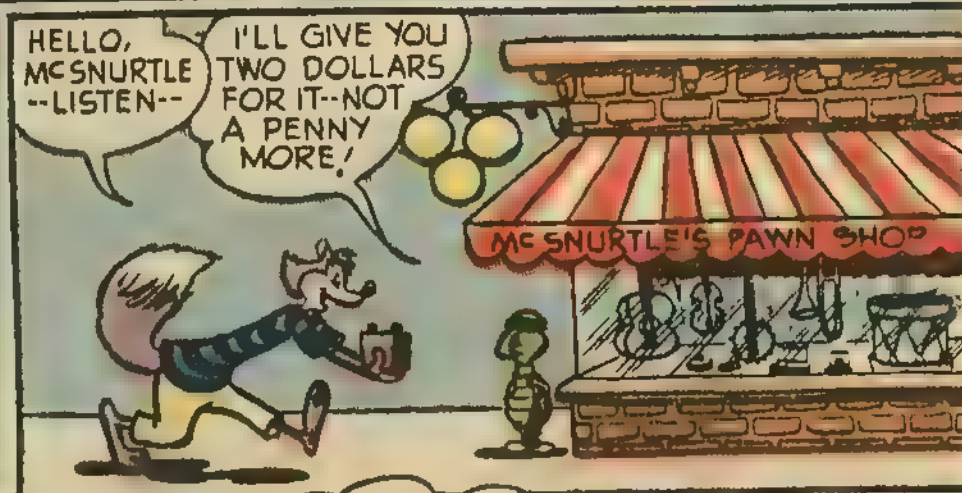
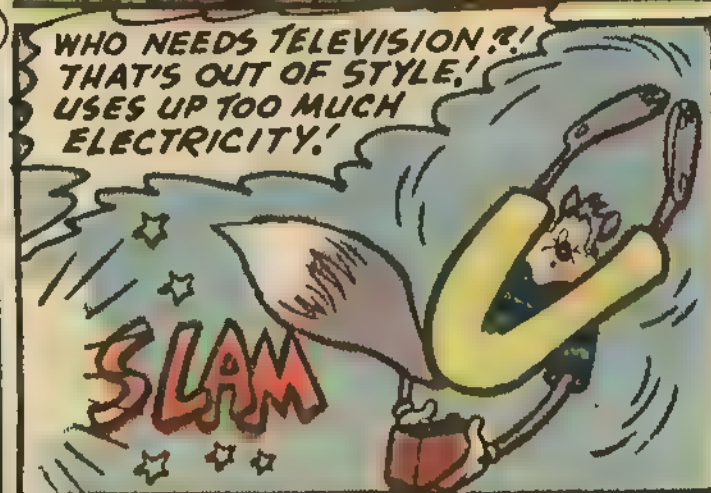
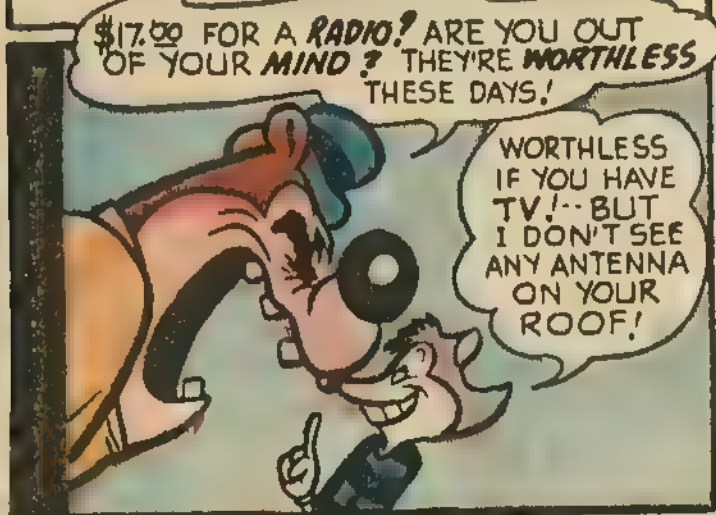
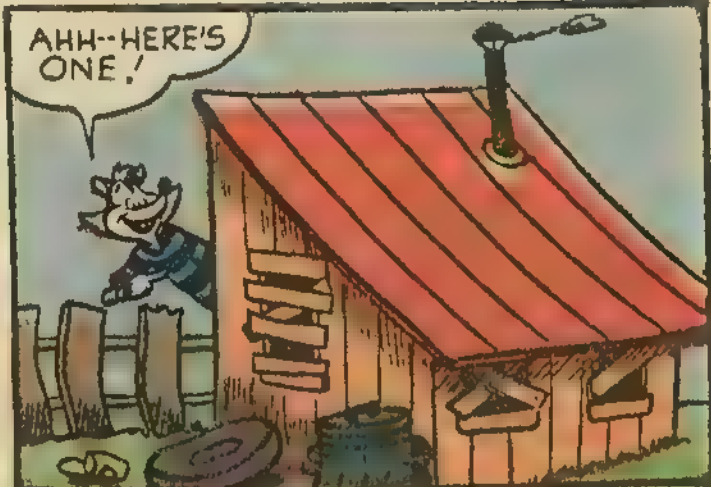
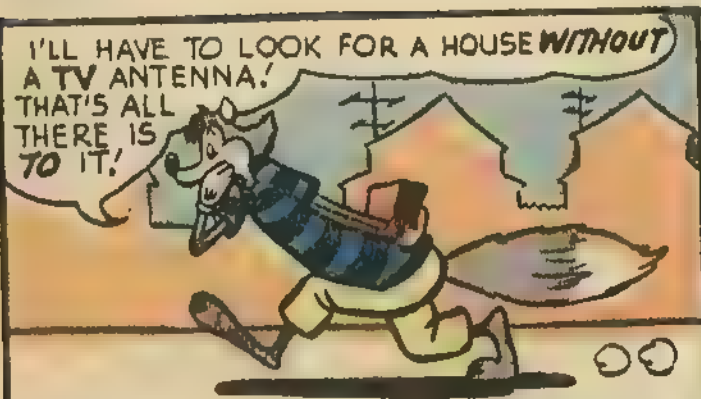




LEADING SCREEN COMICS

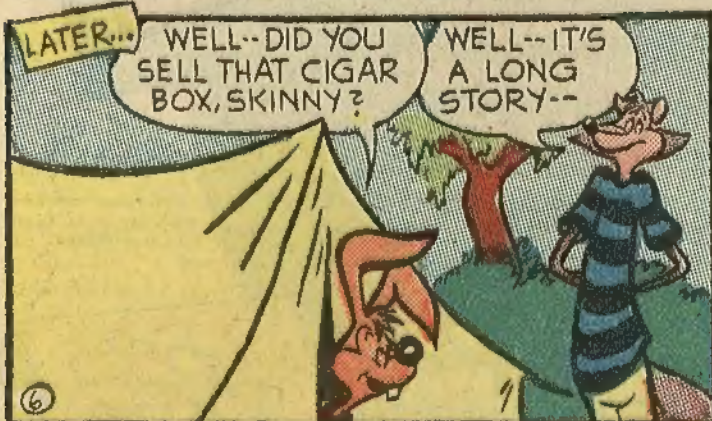
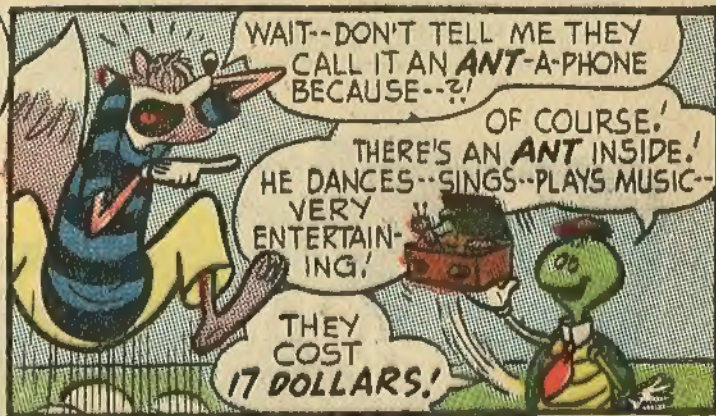
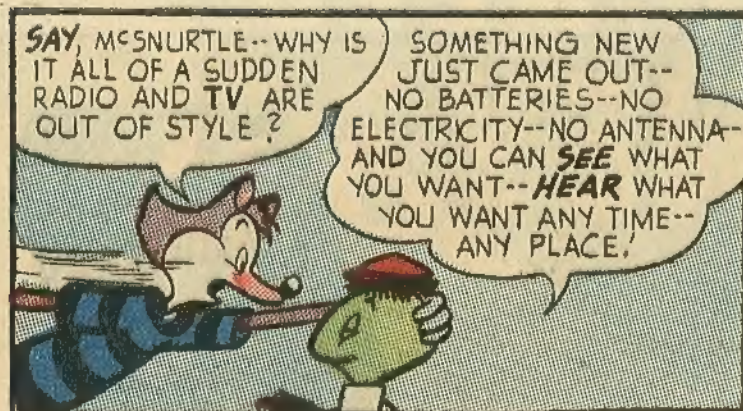








LEADING SCREEN COMICS



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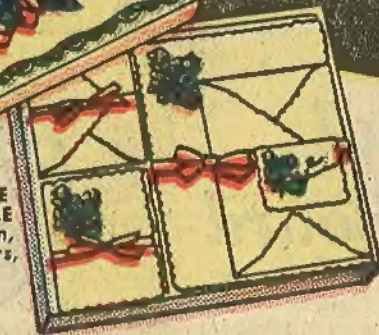
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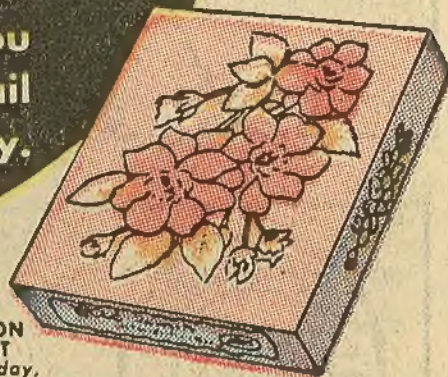
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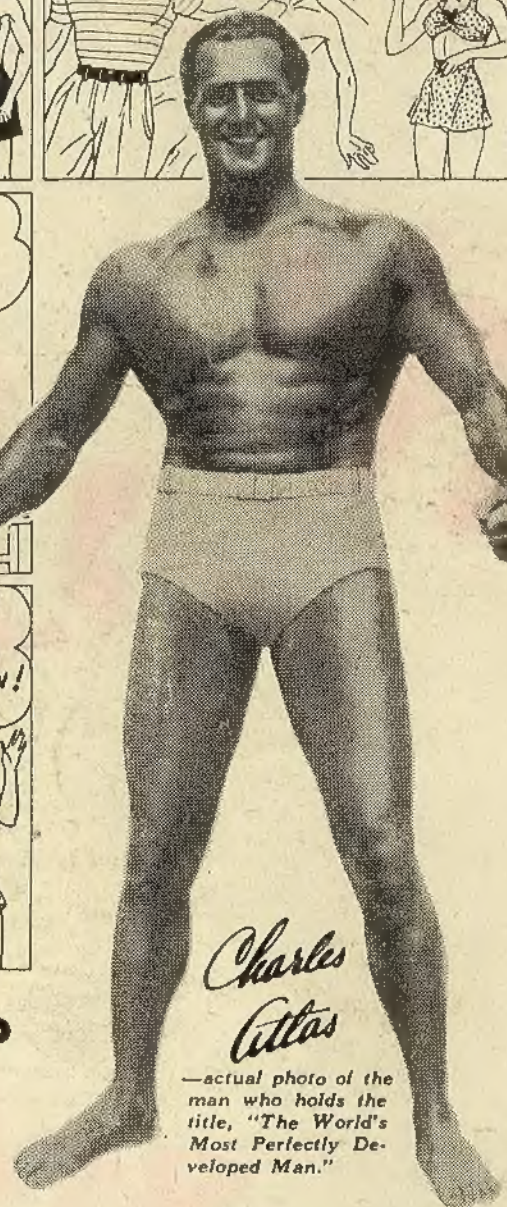
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